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# TRIUMPH BY DEPUTY

**By Australian author**
**B. CASBOULT**

NAOMI thought of the white evening dress as she went to sleep, and it was the first thing she thought of when the alarm went off at an early hour in the morning.

While she dressed she left the wardrobe door ajar. She did not need to do this to refresh her memory: it was a luxury she permitted herself. She indulged in a feeling of bold conceit in her own self-taught handiwork, and in her ability to drive Glory and the other children on to achieve things.

It wouldn't be the first time she had dealt the town a blow for the scars that remained on her mind after thirty years of being snubbed on the outskirts of its intimate life.

She had reared her children in a slab and shingle hut, and even before their father died she often earned their keep herself when he had been away on his not always profitable cattle-dealing trips.

They had been regarded as tough. Well, thought Naomi, weren't the pioneers tough? And the soldiers? Young Lew needed to be tough to go through Crete and Tobruk and come out smiling, like the photo he had sent her.

Passing over the shining linos and well-swept rugs to the back hall, she set back the alarm half an hour for Glory, took down her old leather cash-bag, and slung it over one shoulder.

She went down the steps, surmising they were in for a hot day and hoping the breeze would spring up soon. She ran the utility out of the shed. With the first noise of the engine Vic sprang like a piece of india-rubber out of his verandah bed, slid down the back step railing, and went yodelling down the lane to open the side gate for her.

"Don't you forget to put that there bolt in!" She leaned out and called shrilly above the engine sounds.

"Yaasbo!" He saluted with sweeping impudence.

She took the truck at leisurely pace downhill to the station. No sense in waiting about too long down there while some turned up their noses at her for working on the truck. It was better work, and no harder, than washing for people as she had had to do at first.

She ran the truck into the station yard and backed close to the end of the platform.

When the dingy train arrived she flexed her muscles in anticipation of the weight of the goods, and then moved towards the platform. She swung the heavy block of newspapers by their twine binding, and heaved it into the back of the truck; then she brought several loads of parcels from the goods office. While the boy from the station helped aboard with a case, two bleached-haired women in dainty frocks passed. She thought they would be about fifty: like herself. No wonder the papers were getting heavier.

She buried the thought under ambitious ones about Glory's dress and the competition to-night. She must find out who was doing the judging. She had heard the new headmaster's wife was to be asked to act, and she hoped it was true. The new headmaster's wife was kindly, and as yet free from silly, local prejudices.

AT half - past seven she was running through her own side gate, then climbing the back steps briskly with mind alert to the day's work inside the house. Vic was finishing his breakfast at the end of the smooth white cloth, and Glory was plaiting a red ribbon into Shirley's thick brown hair. A puff of breeze coming in behind Naomi lifted the curls on Glory's white neck as she bent over her sister. Naomi reminded her sharply:

"You better keep your neck covered up from the sun to-day. You don't want to get burnt."

"Not me!" Gloria pushed Shirley's chair in until she sat with the front of her serge touching the cloth. "And don't you slouch either," she admonished her brother.

He answered with a flood of movie back-chat enriched with some lively bits of his own; but he straightened his back and looked conscious of his good looks. When he left for school Naomi stood at the hall door watching him as he joined some other boys.

*As the final promenade began, Glory sent her mother a reassuring wave.*

Her jealous eyes noted how they were turned out and searched for any omission on her part that would make Vic appear less well dressed than they. Then she went down to finish the run, calling out to Glory to light the fire under the copper.

At ten o'clock she was back, laboring expeditiously at the family wash. It was the hardest day of her week, and she knew she was going to be about done by bedtime. She wasn't going to miss Glory in the grand march though, if she had to drive the truck next day in her sleep.

The thought of the girl's good looks, and the chance of her being belle of the ball was narcotic to Naomi's mind, and acceleration to her movements. She must get out early on the afternoon run and find out who those other judges were.

She sped the delivery up, and took the return trip quickly, only slowing down when she came to the hall door, where colored decorations moved in the gloom beyond. A committeewoman stepped to the kerbing and asked if she would deliver a message on her way back.

"I will." There was satisfaction in being in a position to be asked favors of. She started up a conversation, and came in time to the matter of the judges.

Yes, the headmaster's wife was one. Good!

Miss Heffernan. That was not so good! Her vote would go to one of the dresses made by her cousin, Gracie. It was only natural.

The third judge was Mrs. Bently or Mrs. Durrant. Naomi hoped the latter. Dick Durrant still owed her six pounds for the old turnout she had sold him. Mrs. Durrant would certainly vote for Glory.

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Naomi had lived for weeks for that hour when she would slip the dress over Glory's white shoulders. She wrung all she could out of the moment, then stood back, gazing at her daughter with grim and thrilling satisfaction.

"You'll take some beating, my girl," she said with conviction.

A motor horn sounded outside.

They crowded the doorway while Glory went down to the two-seater where a young man's cigarette lighted the front of his evening shirt. Naomi carefully inspected the other children, then gathered them together and set off on the long walk to the hall.

With chins out and backs stiffened, Vic and Shirley presently walked ahead of Naomi down the carpeted gallery stairs to claim seats in the front row.

There was no difficulty about locating Glory. A quickening hostility built up about the gallery's old-timers, who had come to see any but Naomi's Glory win. Their eyes involuntarily narrowed as they scanned the floor in search of her. She looked up and waved to her mother and the children.

Naomi settled down to enjoyment of the evening. She took stock of the cut and fashion of the other dresses, conceding credit where it was due, mentally turning her thumbs down where self-consciousness or poorness of figure failed to show off a good dress to advantage. Glory's dancing alone, she decided, would have put her up among the possible winners. Naomi turned to the stage, where the committee and judges were arranging themselves. The third judge was Mrs. Durrant!

Anticipation, then a certain assurance of victory, sent a glow to Naomi's heart. As the final promenade began again, Glory, sent her a quick, reassuring wave.

Glory was wonderful. She seemed for the moment to be strangely endowed with an extra power of mind and spirit that forced on the consciousness of the gathering acknowledgment of a great triumph. She was not one woman, but two.

It was as though the will of Naomi had gone down to her, and by thus triumphing by deputy was snatching appeasement for an unsatisfactory past from a most satisfactory present.

As Naomi left the balcony to take the children home, she heard a voice above say, indignantly, "Wouldn't you think she'd look after herself a bit instead of spending all that on young Glory!"

Naomi grinned at the stars. They didn't understand. What did it matter what her old self lacked so long as her young self, living again in her children, accomplished such wonderful things, had such thrilling adventures!

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# BUTTERFLIES IN THE BELFRY

By . . .

**PHYLLIS DUGANNE**

*"Move this out of here," emptying a glass of water over Reardon. Miss Milliken said airily,*

UNTIL a year ago, most people found me what Barbara Brinkerhof calls a "figure of fun." They considered my absorbing interest in moths and butterflies for some reason ridiculous in a man of my age and build—viz.: twenty-five, six-feet-one, one hundred and eighty pounds.

I have never been so absent-minded or imperceptive as people, including my own family, have liked to think me.

I have always, for example, been quite aware that nearly everyone considered it tragicomic that I should have lost a leg while I was endeavoring to catch a Lepidoptera Acherontia, a^n d inadvertently stumbled into an abandoned quarry.

On December 7, 1941, I was studying a specimen of male Hydrocampa, and cementing my conviction of the deliberate artistic impulses of these creatures, when my mother burst into my laboratory with the news of the Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbor. On December 8, 1941, my services were refused by the Army and the Navy of the United States.

"Can you beat it?" the sergeant at the Army recruiting office whispered as I started away. "A guy with one leg."

I turned and strode back. "You are voicing an eloquent example of official stupidity," I told him irritably. "I have two extremely functional legs, only one of which can be hurt, and neither of which in any way impedes my usefulness."

"No offence, professor," he said.

I let it go. It seems to be a universal misconception that the degree of doctor of philosophy automatically carries with it the title of professor.

I had walked about seven blocks when a car horn honked, and I looked up to see Barbara Brinkerhof at the wheel of her yellow roadster.

"Hop in, Alfred, and I'll drive you home," she offered.

"I was going to walk past the factory," I told her. "Do you think you can possibly keep your speed below sixty miles an hour? I want to look at the plant."

"I'll drive carefully," she promised, so I got in beside her.

The Hampton Typewriter Company was established by my grandfather, and under my father's able direction it has expanded to ten times its original size. The plant is within the city limits, and covers nearly an acre. Barbara drove slowly over the iced brick road, and turned down Hampton Avenue.

"What's cooking?" she asked. "Planning to open a butterfly department?"

"We shall have to convert the plant immediately into some defence production," I explained. "I have never hitherto been interested in the business, so I wished first to look at the general lay-out."

"You'd better stick to butterflies, Alfred," she said. "Butterflies will win the war. More moths for victory."

"You can drive on now," I told her quietly.

I was decidedly irritated by my father's initial attitude. "The Government has already had the same idea," he said. "I know all about typewriters, but I don't know anything about gun parts, or whatever they want me to manufacture."

"Of course you don't," I answered soothingly. "We're in the same boat. I know all about Lepidoptera—or at least as much as any other man. It is a simple matter of transferring our interests."

He looked at me queerly, and then with mild paternal indulgence.

"Listen, father," I said quickly, "I have not attained academic degrees or a position of authority on my subject because I am a fool. If I had chosen internal-combustion engines to be interested in you'd have a different opinion of me now. I can just as easily learn about armaments or anything else this country needs. I am sorry that I cannot take a more direct method of helping win this war. The idiots refuse to let me fight."

"You mean you tried to enlist?" His voice was unnecessarily tender.

"Skip it," I said borrowing a phrase of Barbara Brinkerhof's. Much of her vocabulary I find terse and to the point despite its almost pitiful limitations.

My father put his hand on my shoulder. "All right, son," he told me. "We'll see what we can do."

I said nothing, because I knew that time would tell.

Time told. By March we were in full swing. The product we were turning out was not typewriters, nor were we advertising its nature. It became fully as difficult to enter the confines of what was still called the Hampton Typewriter Company as for the proverbial camel to pass through the needle's eye. And by March, when Henry Hampton said, "We," in addressing me, he meant we.

"When I think of the years you wasted yourself on butterflies, Al!" he exclaimed a hundred different times.

I HELD my tongue. There was no use in telling him that the problems of factory management and production were child's play compared with my previous pursuits. These were all, so to speak, in the book, nearly all of them matters previously stated and studied, whereas my research dealt with virgin territory and blank pages. I pretended pleasure when father drew up partnership papers, Henry and Alfred Hampton—"We" with a vengeance. I did not have the heart to tell him that when the war is won I shall return to my own work.

My mother shared my amusement, but discreetly. "Your father says that he feels that he has found a son," she told me, her eyes twinkling.

"I'm just realising what he must have thought of me all these years," I said.

She laughed. "Now I'm going to start something. Why don't you begin to think about marriage?"

As a matter of fact, I had been thinking about it. No one who was not deaf and blind could have avoided the subject these days. There was a positive epidemic of matrimony raging in our city.

Twice I had returned unexpectedly to my office and found Miss Milliken, my secretary, in tears. On the first occasion I ignored it, but the second time I thought it my duty to investigate.

"Are you in trouble, Miss Milliken?" I asked.

She lifted her dark head quickly and looked at me with her large Celtic eyes.

"Yes and no," she answered, and though tears continued to hang on her lashes, the corners of her mouth twitched. "I'm in love. Would you file that under 'I' for trouble?"

"I have had no personal experience," I replied, "but from observation, yes, I would."

Her eyes looked searchingly into mine. "You know a lot, Mr. Hampton, in your own peculiar way," she said. "Do you think that when a girl and a man have been what people call 'going together' for two years, the girl has a right to ask the man if he intends to marry her?"

"I should think," I replied slowly, "that her instincts would tell her."

Miss Milliken sighed. "My instincts are no help to me at all," she admitted. "It's instincts that got me into this, and it's instincts that tell me that Pete will never bring me anything but tears."

"Pete?" I repeated. "Not Reardon, Miss Milliken?"

"Why not?" she countered swiftly.

I considered the situation. Pete Reardon is one of our foremen, a giant of an Irishman, with tremendous animal magnetism.

"I can see how your instincts would confuse you," I said.

"Thanks, pal," said Miss Milliken.

The telephone interrupted us, but I continued, off and on, to think about Miss Milliken, as well as my own potential relationship to love and marriage.

For the past weeks I had been increasingly aware of Barbara Brinkerhof. I did not really like her. She was frivolous, flippant, and not, I suspected, over-intelligent. As my mother remarked once, "Barbara cannot pass a horse without flirting with it."

One April evening I presented myself at her house and suggested that we go for a walk in the moonlight.

"To look for butterflies?" she suggested.

"You'll do until a lovelier butterfly comes along," I said.

"Why, Alfred!" she exclaimed, and her eyes narrowed. "Let's go. You interest me."

We took the path back of her house and moved through moonlit woods of budding trees to the bank of the river.

"Shall we park?" she asked.

I removed my jacket and spread it on the grass, and she sat down upon it, still looking at me speculatively. I returned her gaze with, I imagine, equal speculation. She was so very pretty, in a thin white dress and small red slippers.

"Alfred Hampton, you are a surprise package," she said. "You've got me guessing—me! You were always good-looking, but I thought you had——" She giggled. "Call it butterflies in your belfry."

"I have," I assured her. "Hundreds of little winged creatures flying around and around."

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# Butterflies in the Belfry

Continued from page 3

"CAN I hear them?" She took hold of my ears and pulled my head down, pretending to listen. I put my arm about her and lifted my head carefully, so as not to bang her on the nose, and kissed her. For a number of seconds my mind was a complete blank. Then I became aware that she was hitting my chest with both hands. "Let me go!" she said.

I did, reluctantly, and she jumped to her feet and stood looking down at me.

"Well!" she said.

"Well, what?" I inquired, feeling both happy and lazy. I held out my hand. "Come on back." She took several quick steps away from me, shaking her head. I suspect that I was smiling vacuously. "Did you object to that?"

She gasped. "I didn't realise that butterflies could bite," she remarked cryptically. "I believe I'm a little afraid of you, Alfred Hampton."

"Or of yourself?" I suggested, still smiling.

"Don't be impertinent," she said, but she was not displeased. "I think class is dismissed for to-day. Good-night, Alfred. I'll be seeing you again."

. . . . . .

The following morning a rush order from Washington put all thoughts of love out of my head.

Mother told me that Barbara had telephoned several times, but I was still too busy to do anything about it, and said so.

Miss Milliken and I were collaborating on a letter which we hoped would have some effect upon the void of Washington red tape. "That's telling 'em," she'd comment. "That should rouse even a Congressman!" Our effort was abruptly interrupted by a commotion below the open window of the office. I glanced out, and to my astonishment it was Barbara Brinkerhof, wearing blue pants and a bright yellow sweater. She was arguing hotly with the guard at the factory gate.

"Friend of yours?" Miss Milliken asked.

"Well——" I said hesitantly.

"Don't tell me!" she cried. She was looking out, too, her head close to mine. "Not a bad-looking blonde," she added, and then she drew a quick, audible breath. "Oh-oh!"

Pete Reardon had stopped at the gate and was smiling at Barbara. She lifted her face to gaze up at him, and her blond curls reached the second button of his blue shirt. She was talking rapidly, and he listened, nodding and laughing. The guard shrugged his shoulders as Pete led Barbara through the wire fencing and across the yard, his big hand holding her bare elbow.

"H'm'm," said Miss Mary Milliken.

"What do you suppose she wants?" I asked. It was a purely rhetorical question, but Miss Milliken answered it with promptness and considerable bitterness.

"I don't know what she wanted when she came here, but I have a good idea what she wants now," she said.

Miss Milliken proved to be one hundred per cent. correct. What Barbara wanted when she presented herself at the factory gate was employment. She wanted, she explained to me that evening, to do her bit for her country.

"You'd think it was the Stork Club!" she complained. "Asking me for identification in this town! And am I socially secure? Honestly, Alfred, what has that got to do with defence?" A dreamy expression floated into her violet eyes. "Mr. Reardon fixed that up, though."

"You don't mean they hired you?" I demanded.

"What do you mean I don't mean?" she retorted. "We are now employer and ee, darling. Want to make something of it?"

I shook my head and smiled. I was sure that I could leave that to Barbara. She had never worked in her life, and it did not enter my head that she would last two days.

I was completely wrong. She not only lasted, but she was, if anything, superior to our average female worker. She was quick to learn and, to my amazement, proved steady and reliable.

"I'm crazy about it!" she told me.

"About what?" I asked.

She tossed her head. "Work. The factory." Her eyes became electric. "The foreman!" she added, laughing.

"You'd better leave Reardon alone," I advised her.

"Jealous, darling?" she asked.

I considered the question. "I don't know," I answered honestly. "If I were going to be jealous of any man for sheer virility, I couldn't pick a better specimen."

"Why, Alfred!" she cried. "How su-weet! He really is something, isn't he?"

"I am more concerned for my secretary," I went on, ignoring her enthusiasm. "My secretary is in love with Reardon. They—er—go together."

It was the first time I had ever seen Barbara look demure. "They're not—er—going together to-morrow night," she said sweetly. "Mr. Reardon is taking me dancing."

I admit that I was shocked. The association was unsuitable as well as unkind. I attempted to make her see that, but she merely laughed and went on laughing, until I turned away in disgust. The next morning Miss Milliken looked grim, and I realised that she knew what was going on.

"Can't you call off your girl friend?" she asked. "Fire her—or marry her—or just kill her painlessly?"

I tried to explain Barbara to Mary Milliken. I told her what my mother had said.

"That's all right," she replied, with logic, "but Pete isn't a horse. This is a flirtation of another color."

"Why do you like him so much?" I asked curiously.

"Why do you like her?" she retorted.

"I don't," I said, without thinking. "At least, I mean——"

"I know just what you mean," said Mary Milliken. "Brother, that's love."

It seemed to me, right then and there, that there was something wrong. I had been interrupted in my consideration of the love, or mating, impulse, and I certainly had no leisure now to trace it to its source."

"Miss Milliken," I said. "I can't take time to study this problem now, but I believe there is a possibility that we are both wrong."

"No!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I really do."

"I could be wrong," she murmured softly. "I remember I was once."

Barbara went dancing with Pete Reardon. She went out with him again. By the third time they were seen in public together our city was buzzing and crackling with gossip.

My mother brought up the subject. "Alfred, Laura Brinkerhof is worried about Barbara," she told me. "Who is this man Reardon? What sort is he?"

"He's a good foreman," I said.

"A foreman!" she repeated. "It sounds so—so proletarian, doesn't it?" she was gnawing her underlip. "Alfred, Laura and I have always hoped——" She hesitated. "Barbara's been a giddy sort of girl and—well, in a way, you were a rather stuffy young man, dear." She smiled, and I smiled back encouragingly. "I understood you, of course, but other people—even your father——"

"You don't have to explain, mother," I said soothingly.

"You've changed," she told me. "Until this Reardon affair came up, I was thinking that Barbara—well, that she was falling in love with you."

I laughed, and mother looked at me questioningly.

"I kissed her and she liked it," I explained, and to my astonishment my mother blushed. "Purely biologic, I suspect," I went on, "but so, certainly, is her interest in Reardon."

"Really, Alfred!" mother said, looking at me as though she had never seen me before.

I was puzzled. All this business of love, sentiment, and biological impulses grew more and more confusing. "I suppose I'd really better put my mind on it," I murmured, half to myself.

My mother laughed. "Don't you know how you feel about Barbara?" she demanded.

"Heavens, no," I answered.

"Why don't you go over and see her?" she suggested. "It's the usual way of finding out."

"I think I'd get further through purely mental processes," I said. "It's less distracting. I'll go into my laboratory."

FOR once I was entirely wrong in my approach to a problem. The more I thought about it, the more elusive any truth became. I thought of Barbara's phrase, "Butterflies in your belfry," and I laughed aloud. I thought of Miss Milliken.

She, at least, was certain of her own emotions. She admittedly was in love with Reardon, and desirous of marriage with him. I decided to talk with her.

The next day again was a busy one, so it was not until five, when she was putting on her hat, that I remembered.

"I'd like to discuss something with you," I said, "of a personal nature. Would you come out somewhere for dinner with me?"

"I don't think so. There's enough talk going on around this plant without our adding to it?"

She was right, of course. "Could we perhaps have some sandwiches sent here?" I suggested. "To the casual eye it would look merely as though we were working late."

"Mr. Hampton, there are fewer casual eyes in this town than you probably think," she answered. She took off her hat. "Perhaps this once," she conceded, and a dimple made a pleasant indenture in her cheek.

She arranged paper plates and napkins on my desk, and it was really delightful, a sort of indoor picnic.

"What I wanted to ask you about is this question of love and marriage," I said, biting into a sandwich.

"I suspected it," she murmured. "Shoot."

"Take yourself," I said. "You have no doubt at all of your desire to marry Pete Reardon."

She looked at me silently, her mouth full of sandwich.

"For my own part," I continued, "I literally have not the slightest idea of whether I really wish to marry Barbara or not. Which astounds me, since I have never been of an indecisive nature."

Miss Milliken swallowed. "Don't marry her," she said.

I leaned toward her eagerly. Her positiveness was both interesting and promising. "Why do you say that?"

She bit off a slice of sweet pickle. "If it's right for you, you'd know," she told me earnestly. "Besides," she added, "her eyes are too near together."

I concentrated and visualised Barbara Brinkerhof. "I believe that you're right," I admitted, surprised that I had not noticed it before. Miss Milliken was looking at me gravely, and her own eyes, I observed, are widely spaced. Her nose is straight, and her mouth is larger than Barbara's. A sensitive mouth, I thought, and a generous one.

Please turn to page 20

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# SILK FOR LENNIE

***It's girls like Lennie, third mate MacKelland firmly believed, that make the world go round.***

*"Stockings," he blurted to the salesgirl, adding rather fiercely, "for a lady."*

**By THOMAS H. RADDALL**

MACKELLAND walked past the shop several times before he could muster courage enough to go in. His arms were laden with parcels for his folk in Scotland, and this now was his most important purchase. But he was shy, and the window of the stocking shop was full of other gauzy things that charmed the eye and alarmed the rest of him.

At last, with a cautious glance in either direction, he dived inside. The place seemed full of wax figures in all stages of undress, regarding him with haughty stares, and along one counter stood a number of shapely but disembodied female legs, displaying the things he sought, intermingled with other dainty articles of feminine underwear.

A saleswoman approached. She was young and good-looking and trim.

"Something?" she said.

"Stockings," blurted MacKelland; adding rather fiercely, "for a lady."

"Size? Color?"

He put his parcels on the glass counter and rummaged in his pockets. He had got Lennie's size from her mother before leaving Glasgow last voyage. He handed the saleswoman a slip of paper.

"It doesn't mention color or weight," she observed. Then, seeing his puzzled look: "Perhaps I can help you. Tell me what she looks like. Is she old or young? Tall or short? Big or small? And what's the color of her eyes and hair?"

He drew in a full breath. It was easy to talk about Lennie. "She's jimp——"

"Jimp?"

"Slim, you'd call it. She's twenty last birthday and comes up to about my shoulder. Her eyes are kind of brown—hazel, that's the word—and her hair's the color of—well, toffee, only it's rather curly and has a softer shine."

"Um. What color does she usually wear?"

He hesitated. "Well, she's in the Service, d'ye see—a corporal in the A.T.S. That's khaki, and they wear a dark, thick sort of stocking. But this isn't for that. I mean, when my ship's in a home port the girl tries to get leave, so we can spend a few days together at her mother's. She puts away her uniform then, and wears frilly things—pre-war, y'know, but very nice."

"I don't know what color they are. I seem to see only herself." And sheepishly, "I suppose that sounds silly."

"I think it's beautiful" said the young woman stoutly. She liked this young man, with his Scotch burr, his determined mouth, and his embarrassed blue eyes.

"So I want some silk stockings—not thick ones, d'ye see? Something—er—frivolous. You can't get such things at home now, and I overheard her telling her mother last leave that she'd never before realised how much difference a pair of silk stockings could make in the way a girl felt."

"And looked?"

MacKelland blushed gallantly. "She has very nice legs."

The young woman nodded as if this were the most sensible remark in the world. "I think I know exactly what she wants. How many pairs?"

"Six, please."

He bolted out of the shop like a chief pursued, and heaved a sigh of relief as he lost himself in the crowd. Thank heaven none of the chaps from the ship had seen him coming out of the place. They'd rag him to death. A third mate's affairs of the heart were fair game for everybody from the skipper down.

He walked to the docks with heavy arms and a light heart. The ship was taking grain, a good clean cargo and soon loaded. To-morrow she would sail to join a convoy to Britain—and Lennie.

In the cabin he shared with Brundley, the second mate, he examined the stockings with pride, keeping them in their transparent envelopes lest his hard hands start a thread in them. Flimsy things, marvellous things. He pictured Lennie's delight in them.

With a queer, hot beat in his throat he told himself that when he had his second mate's ticket and they could be married, nothing would be too good for her.

. . . . . .

At eleven o'clock that night MacKelland was on the bridge, and Captain Llangollen, with glasses set far down his thick nose, was poring over a mass of papers in the chartroom. He called out through the door, and MacKelland left his restless pacing of the dark bridge to enter the chartroom.

Captain Llangollen looked tired; he looked an old man in truth. He had planned to retire in 1940, but the war had put all that aside. "Whatt iss the weather?" he asked, with his strong Welsh accent.

"Not snowing any more, but visibility's low, sir. It's two hours to moonrise—not much of a moon at that."

"Ah, well! To-morrow we shall be in Halifax. Yess. Thatt iss all."

MacKelland resumed his jerky walking of the bridge, up and down with the Mala's steady roll, passing and repassing the living statue at the wheel. He had turned at the starboard end, a few minutes before midnight, when the thing happened.

He was conscious of a terrific shock which seemed to lift the ship bodily and fling her violently to port. He was hurled off his feet in a headlong sprawling dive that ended on the hard planks opposite the wheel.

The helmsman was clinging to the wheel, saying something over and over, in a voice as remote as the stars. After the momentary flash of explosivea, vivid and terrible, the darkness was solid. He remained on hands and knees, like a boxer hard hit and taking advantage of the count.

The engines were dead, and now he heard Captain Llangollen coming out of the chartroom, and saw the bright beam of his electric torch.

"MacKelland!" said the Old Man.

"Sir!" MacKelland pulled himself to his feet by the binnacle.

"Are you all right?"

"Aye, sir. Wind knocked out of me . . . All right. Two torpedoes, I think, sir . . . struck almost together . . . engine-room and somewhere opposite Number Two hatch . . . rolling to port at the time . . . must have blown the bottom."

"Get down to your boat, then. Thiss iss no place—she's going fast. Go!" As MacKelland fumbled for his torch he heard the Old Man bellowing through the navigation slit: "Abandon ship, all handas!"

MacKelland flashed his torch towards the captain's boat, and was startled to see nothing but the stem piece and a few shattered strakes dangling from a pair of badly bent davits. He ran towards his own boat and found half a dozen men pointing their torch beams over the side. A flying chunk of metal had cut the falls clear of the forward davit, and the boat hung up and down with its bow in the water.

"Where are the others?" he demanded, flicking his torch over the men.

"Gone over to the port side," one said. "The mate's boat and the second's are all right."

"Get over there, then—and good luck to ye!"

They vanished like wraiths, and with their disappearance the third mate had a curious sense of relief. His responsibility was gone. The door that led to his quarters, open and banging dismally, called him like a voice. He dived inside and ran along to his cabin. In the moving round disc of his torch he saw that the explosion had smashed in the bulkhead to which the bertha were fastened and pinned them to the floor.

A moment's quick fumbling and he turned to go, but as he did so there was a sound at his feet. He turned the torch downward, and saw a thin trickle of blood from under the collapsed bulkhead.

He stooped and saw Brundley in his pyjamas with a long gash in his scalp at the hair-line. He grasped the edge of the bulkhead and heaved. It moved, but not enough. He shouted for help, but that was hopeless. Everybody was busy getting the portside boats away, and the ship was full of indescribable noises.

He ran into the passage and saw a flicker of light in the chief steward's cabin. He flashed his torch inside. Old Wortley was there, in shirt and trousers, with life-jacket lashed on back to front. He was trying to catch the black cat, Nig, which always slept in his berth.

"Come, Nig. Come, Niggie. Come on now!" coaxed the steward.

The cat's eyes glowed green from the berth. Its hair was on end; it looked black and enormous in the light of MacKelland's torch. Wortley made a dive at the berth, and the cat sprang, spitting, to the washstand.

"Scared, 'e is," observed Wortley over his shoulder. There was something odd in his voice, and MacKelland turned his torch to the old steward's face. Wortley blinked and put up a hand as if to brush the light away.

He's mad, thought MacKelland. He caught the chief steward's shoulder. "Come on, man! Help me get the second out before the old hooker goes!"

"Not without Nig," murmured Wortley reproachfully. "I ain't goin' to leave Nig, not me! Nig first! . . . Come, Niggie, now, ye fool!"

MacKelland joined in the hunt, furiously, but it was Wortley who cornered the beast. It bit and scratched violently as he hugged it against the life-jacket.

"Come on!" snapped MacKelland.

The second mate had revived a little, and was muttering profanely. They tugged at him, but he was pinned fast, and swore at them thickly.

"Hold the light on him!" MacKelland said, passing the torch. He got down and crawled under the wreckage. Slowly, grunting, he braced himself upwards with hands and knees, bearing the bulkhead with him. Something ragged-edged bit into his back cruelly, and the sweat started all over him. "Now?"

"A bit more, sir," Wortley said.

MacKelland shoved again. There was a rumbling below. The boilers? In a gust of despair he strained upwards and felt the great weight moving with him.

He gasped, "Put down that cat and pull the man out, you fool!"

Wortley held Nig by the scruff of the neck, reached down with the other hand, and dragged Brundley out. MacKelland relaxed, and that heavy wreck of the bulkhead almost pinned him to the deck. But not quite. He wriggled out, and between them—Wortley with a firm grasp on the cat—they got the mumbling, stumbling second mate into the passage and out to the deck.

The ship was lurching now, dying under their feet, and the sounds of her last agony filled the night. "Stick it, old girl!" prayed MacKelland. "Thirty . . . sixty seconds more!"

The steward was laughing insanely and pointing the torch, and there, like a ghost, floating level with the rail and half full of water, was the third mate's boat. Some trick of the sea had kicked her submerged bow upward and she had floated as the ship settled.

They pitched Brundley in, neck and crop, and the cat after him, and MacKelland found the boat axe still in its beckets and cut the after falls away. The sea promptly carried the boat inboard, thumping her against the side of the bridge housing. The steward was fondling the cat.

MacKelland yelled to him, "Take an oar, man, and fend off, or we'll be sucked down with the ship!"

It was a terrible battle. They persisted furiously, then the wind carried the boat along toward the bow, and they drifted clean over the submerged forward well-deck. They were just clear, to leeward, when the ship went, and they heard the boilers and bulkheads go.

It was bitterly cold now in the full sweep of the wind. The second mate was coming to a little, and shivering terribly, clad in nothing but the sodden trousers of his pyjamas. MacKelland slipped out of his short lammy coat and uniform, and put the uniform on Brundley. It was a long and awkward job. In the bow old Wortley hugged the cat for warmth. "Ah, Niggie, Niggie!" he kept mumbling.

"Come and help me set the mast and sail," snapped MacKelland. He stood up and pulled the lammy coat on over his underwear. "There's an onshore wind and we've a chance to make it before we freeze to death."

Interminable hours later he could see a dark finger of wet pebble beach running up between the tide rocks into the white of the land.

"Listen, Wort," he said coolly. "The boat'll probably swamp somewhere amongst those rocks. We've got to hang on. The following sea'll carry her in to the beach. Then we've got to grab the second and get him out and up the beach, clear o' the sea. Understand? Never mind the cat. Nig can look out for himself."

"Orl right," said the steward.

The shoreward rush of the seas caught the lifeboat and carried it high on a white hissing shoulder toward the beach. It bumped over several rocks and then struck one hard.

The boat filled, fell heavily against another rock farther in, and the men felt themselves in the cold grasp of the sea. They held grimly to the gunwales, and finally a wave exploded on the shore like the lash of an immense whip and flung them upon the beach.

The cat leaped to safety from Wortley's arms. The two men seized Brundley and staggered up the rattling wet pebbles with him. Above tidemark they fell down together, gasping, and from the top of a boulder protruding from the snow the black cat regarded them with great yellow eyes.

"Nig!" cried the steward. "Oi! Look! See the cat! 'E's off! See where 'e's 'eadin'? Look! 'E knows—old Nig knows! There's fire and food over that way somewheres! Come on!"

Please turn to page 20

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# "Why does Tom get all the breaks?"

## 'B.O.' keeps folks at a distance

SOMEBODY stole his gal. Somebody spoiled his leave. But nobody told him the simple truth—his trouble was "B.O." You'll never make port with the lovelies if "B.O." is scuttling all your chances. Be sure *you* don't offend! Bathe with Lifebuoy often. Lifebuoy has a famous health element that guards personal freshness . . . a real protective lather . . . yet it's gentle enough for a baby's skin.

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W.91.1

# Aunt Polly says...

My niece says the man who talks about himself all evening ain't half so bad as the one who thinks he can sing.

* * *

*Two may not be able to live as cheaply as one, but with Rinso on washdays at least you can make clothes and linens go as far as they possibly can. My, but those rich thick suds beat all! It's no wonder precious things last with such gentle care.*

* * *

Some people not only bite off more than they can chew—they choke to death tryin' to prove they didn't.

* * *

*The bride gets carried over the threshold but after that she does all the picking up.*

* * *

Maybe I shouldn't keep givin' young brides advice, but they always thank me for tellin' 'em about Rinso. Its fairy-like suds are real delicate with silks and rayons. And did you ever try Rinso for washing-up? It's a wonder with grease.

*Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle*

Z.112.1


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# THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

## Our romantic serial

*PAM NEILL'S fiance, LIEUTENANT KIP GALLOWAY, is ordered to England at a day's notice shortly before their marriage is to take place. Kip decides against an immediate rush marriage, to the amazement of his cousin, ALEC FRASER, himself in love with Pam. His plane leaves for England, with EVE KENNEDY, popular English actress, as one of its passengers.*

*In the meantime, both Pam and Alec attract the interest of JEROME HAYES, important co-ordinator of military aircraft production, by their work at the Metallo Company, where Pam is in charge of women personnel and Alec engaged on aircraft production.*

*He invites them both to a cocktail party before an important dinner at which he is to speak; but his interest in Pam has aroused the jealousy of his wife, JULIA, and she specially comes to New York to see what is going on. Talking to BILL CAULFIELD, one of the guests at the party, she is suddenly aware of Pam's arrival.*

*Now read on—*

JULIA'S eyes narrowed, Pam had no hat and her hair looked cool and brushed, almost free from curl and high on her head. Caulfield's eyebrows went up with interest.

"How are you?" Pam asked warmly, as Jerome Hayes met her halfway across the room. "I'm so thrilled to be here at this dinner. You keep on doing the nicest things for me!"

"I want you to meet my wife," he said.

Pamela turned radiantly. "I'm so glad to meet you, Mrs. Hayes."

Julia wasn't glad. She didn't even pretend to be pleased as Jerome said to her, "This is Miss Neill, Julia. Of the Metallo Company. You've heard about her work."

"How do you do," said Julia. "Oh, yes, I've seen the publicity about you."

It was the wrong word, and Jerome suspected it of being deliberate.

"Your husband has been awfully good to us at Metallo," said Pamela.

Julia smiled, but hardly at Pam. "He's always like that. All the people who work for him adore him."

Pam's face changed a little. She didn't hurry her answer. She seemed to be deciding about Julia Hayes as they stood confronting each other.

"They should. He makes things move, and that's what's going to win the war," she said at length.

"Yes, if we get enough competent women," said Jerome, laughing.

"This seems to be an admiration society. I feel terribly out of it, not being competent." Julia's high laugh was not amused. It scared her husband. He didn't know what might come next. Quickly he introduced Alec and hoped that Julia would behave.

Alec took care of that.

"I'm sorry we're late, Mrs. Hayes. You'll think manners are rationed in New York, too."

He was flattering her with his glance before he said anything else, and Julia was obviously pleased.

"It doesn't matter at all," she said.

"It does to me. I've been looking forward to meeting you so much. And every minute here is going to be a treat. Especially after looking at girls in overalls all day long."

Without mentioning her appearance he was complimenting her clothes, her style, her provocativeness. He did that just the right way, thought Hayes with relief. That fixes it.

Once more he was struck by the fact that this young man was clever and intuitive. Alec Fraser seemed to know what was needed before the minute of actual need had come, and he didn't fumble, either with his hands in his workshop or with his words on an occasion like this. He'll go far, Hayes said to himself.

Pamela was now preoccupying Caulfield, who had come to life and was obviously feeling that the party wasn't going to be the bore he had believed it would be. Jerome Hayes saw that, and as Caulfield devoted himself to Pam, he wanted to tell his friend that the girl was already engaged, not there for the picking. And she shouldn't waste any time on Caulfield, who was smart as a steel trap in business but whose wife had divorced him for good reasons.

His own reaction warned Hayes of something. What's it to me, he thought, and tried to give his attention to his other guests. But all the time he was aware of Pamela, or what had happened when she came into the room, of how life and emotion had come with her. When he was close enough to hear what she was talking about with Bill Caulfield, he discovered that it was about types of planes. Perhaps she herself had told him that she was engaged to a bombardier.

"What are you going to talk about to-night?" she asked Hayes.

"The only thing I know anything about—production."

"Will it be broadcast?"

He nodded. "I guess so. There's a British hookup, too."

"Wonderful! You're in a position to tell people what they really ought to know," said Pam.

"I hope I can put it over," Hayes said.

"Jerome always gives an excellent talk," said his wife.

Jerome wished that Julia wouldn't take possession of him like that, or act as if he were going to recite a piece. She missed the point. Suddenly he wished he could go over the speech again before he delivered it. Pam would be listening to every word. Maybe it wasn't good enough.

The dinner was far less dreary than Julia had expected, more, in fact, like her hopes for the evening, if she hadn't been burdened with most of the company. Jerome had to leave them to meet the rest of the honor guests who were to sit on the dais at dinner, but the table reserved for his party was in the very front of the great ballroom, close to the raised platform, central and noticeable.

Seating the guests, Julia put Pamela with her back to the room. She didn't intend to let the girl show off. But she kept Alec Fraser on her left and Bill Caulfield, for display if not for conversation, on her right.

People stared, as she had anticipated with pleasure. The names of the guests were printed, in accordance with the tables at which they sat, on a page of the menu, and she was aware that she must be identified.

There were cameramen flashing their lights at celebrities here and there, and as two of them approached her table Julia assumed a look of distaste for publicity and tried in vain to control a desire to look in the mirror in her purse.

When she lifted her eyes she saw that the reporter who was going along with the cameraman was speaking to Pamela.

"You're Miss Neill, aren't you? May we have a picture of your party?"

"It's not my party," said Pamela hastily.

Alec said to Julia, "You probably hate this sort of thing and you must be awfully fed up with it."

"It's so cheap," remarked Julia.

"Wouldn't you let them have just one picture? To be rid of them?" he asked in a low voice.

"Well, if I have to——"

Alec's head was turned away when the picture was taken. The camera was focused directly on Julia and the boredom of Bill Caulfield.

*Pam seemed to be deciding about Julia Hayes as they stood confronting each other.*

Looking down from the platform, Jerome Hayes saw his party, and observed that by luck Pamela was seated where he could watch her. He liked having her there. It made him feel warm to think that she was in the company by his invitation, that he was buying her dinner, that it was all regular and that he could look at her.

He gave her a wink and she laughed back at him. Was that fellow Galloway good enough for her? What if he was killed?

She was too thin. She probably worried about her man a lot, though she was so game about it.

The feathers on the back of Julia's green hat trembled a little in the breeze from an electric fan, and appeared to be ruffled indignantly. She gets the craziest outfits, thought Hayes with indulgent amusement. But I suppose they're stylish. She certainly gets a kick out of them.

**By MARGARET C. BANNING**

He turned to the Englishman beside him and said, "From all I hear, you've had to solve your production problem by employing women."

Mr. Wardlaw-Leake said, "We have. And they've done very well."

"There's a girl down there in front of you who would like to hear all about that. She's doing a job along those lines over here."

"We should be exchanging ideas. She should know Miss Denham," remarked Wardlaw-Leake.

"Well," said Hayes, "if you and Miss Denham aren't tied up after this is over, perhaps you'd care to come up to my apartment in the hotel here and I'll get Miss Neill and we'll talk it over. I'm living here in the hotel while in the city."

And he met the hardly preceptible hesitation of Wardlaw-Leake, who was a man of the world and cautious about women, by adding, "I'd like you to meet my wife, too."

Mr. Wardlaw-Leake accepted with pleasure and leaned across his neighbor on the other side to speak to Miss Denham about it. Miss Denham was also British and was going to talk to-night about the women of her own country.

The waiters were swiftly removing dessert plates, and Jerome Hayes took out his manuscript as the microphones were adjusted before the honor guests. He was not thinking of Pamela now. He thought only of the work that had to be done and that he was about to explain to a tremendous invisible public.

He looked cool and hard-headed and capable, but he never told anyone, not even Julia, of the tremors of surprise that ran through him at such a time as this, because he had been singled out for such importance that over two continents people would hear his voice speaking with authority.

He gave a fine talk and made a deep impression. While presses were printing his words all over the country and news broadcasts were quoting him, Hayes sat in his apartment sitting-room going into the facts more deeply with Wardlaw-Leake and Miss Denham and Alec Fraser and Pamela. And Julia. After a pressing congratulatory crowd, the company had been whittled down to this group.

There had been more pictures taken after his speech, some of Julia and Hayes together. With her claim fully established and about to be spread to the world, Julia was complacent. If only the pictures would turn out all right she would send them home. Her imagination was playing with that idea as the others were talking about the war and the work to keep it going.

"You almost have to see it to realise what is happening," Miss Denham said.

"Don't I wish I could!" Pam exclaimed.

"Why don't you make a quick trip over?"

Pamela laughed. "It's not so easy. If wishes were passports, I'd be there now."

"But surely you could get a passport. I mean, it's really important, isn't it? You might get some ideas that would be useful to women in industry over here and you could bring us many suggestions, I'm sure."

"I wouldn't be the person."

Hayes said, "I don't know why not. You've got all the dope."

"I'm not important enough."

"You've had a lot of publicity. Your name is beginning to mean something."

"I was so interested in the article about you in 'The Hour,'" Miss Denham said, "and I'm quite in earnest about wishing you could go over and see for yourself. Couldn't it be arranged, Mr. Hayes?"

"Why, I'm sure of it," he said. "If the invitation came from your side of the water, it might be a good idea."

"That's as good as done now," answered Wardlaw-Leake.

"Am I dreaming?" Pam turned to Alec and said, "Alec, don't let them kid me."

"Maybe they aren't."

"We could give you a great many introductions. Do you know England?"

"I used to go over with my family nearly every summer."

I wonder if that's true, doubted Julia. She said, changing the subject, "That's one of the things we all miss so much, not being able to go abroad now. And I suppose that when we do go things will be changed beyond recognition. I wonder if Paris will ever be the same again."

Please turn to page 14

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***LANTIGEN "E"*** for Hay Fever. An excellent method of treating this complaint. Two £1/1/- bottles are usually necessary for the average case.

***LANTIGEN "F"*** for Whooping Cough. Relieves attacks quickly—reduces severity or prevents them if used before infection. One bottle at £1/1/- is usually sufficient.

Lantigen "B" is different to an ordinary medicine. It is an oral vaccine and is absorbed into the system through the small intestine. Once in the bloodstream Lantigen incites the creation of antibodies which attack and destroy the several kinds of germs which cause the catarrhal inflammation. The specific effect of each type of germ is separately counteracted. That is why the Lantigen "B" treatment is so effective. The complaint rapidly reduces in severity and as the treatment proceeds immunity is built up against further attacks by the infective germs. This immunisation is maintained for lengthy periods.

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Lantigen "B" is simple and convenient to take. Just take a few drops in water nightly at bedtime on an empty stomach. It is safe, sure and economical. *Your chemist will tell you all about Lantigen "B" for catarrh, so if you have been a sufferer, ask him* about it to-day. Don't put up any longer with Catarrh's unpleasantness and discomfort.

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# Corporal Warne is first Aamws to be decorated

*PROUD SMILES from Mrs. F. J. Warne, her daughter, Mrs. Fred Hawksworth, and grandson, Peter Hawksworth, as they read the citation describing how Corporal Lesley Warne won the British Empire Medal (Military Division).*

*CORPORAL LESLEY WARNE with her Dutch fiance, Mr. George Van Der Linde, who is an engineer on the hospital ship in which she served with the A.A.M.W.S.*

## Served for two years in hospital ship on five trips to Middle East

*By ADELE SHELTON SMITH*

**First member of the Australian Army Medical Women's Service to receive a decoration is Corporal Lesley Frances Warne, of Adelaide.**

**She has been awarded the British Empire Medal (Military Division).**

**The award was a complete surprise to her.**

**She was holidaying at Moss Vale, N.S.W., when she received a phone call from Victoria Barracks and the caller offered her congratulations.**

**She had to ask, "Congratulations for what?"**

*PRISONER OF WAR in Java. Lesley Warne's brother, Ross, photographed before he left for the Middle East.*

"AFTER the phone call I went out and bought a paper to find out more about it," said Corporal Warne.

"I am very thrilled and very proud."

A very pretty girl with wide grey eyes and soft brown hair, Corporal Warne is tall and slender.

She wears two blue chevrons on her uniform for two years' overseas service.

Corporal Warne came to Sydney from Adelaide six years ago.

She worked as a trimmer in a men's hat factory, and for 18 months before enlisting she had been a member of the Scottish Voluntary Aid Detachment, of which Major Joyce Snelling was Commandant before she became Controller of the A.A.M.W.S. in N.S.W.

Corporal Warne was one of 15 girls selected from a batch of 60 for duty on a hospital ship.

### Ablaze with light

"WE made five trips to the Middle East," she said. "Some of them brought us back to Australia, but several to other ports.

"We never associated the word 'danger' with our trips. If we were ever in any danger we did not know about it.

"With the ship ablaze with light at night, the possibility of submarines or enemy ships never occurred to us.

**"Everyone on the ship worked hard, but there was a fine team spirit, and it was wonderful to watch our patients improving as the trip progressed.**

"Often our patients had travelled long distances to reach the hospital ship, and they were weary and dispirited when they came aboard.

"But in a few days we would notice a change in them. The rest and good food and the knowledge that they were on their way home gave a lift to their spirits.

"In no time they were playing all sorts of pranks.

"A favorite one was putting the thermometer in hot water when we weren't looking.

"Our astonishment when we thought a particular patient had suddenly developed some dire fever gave them a lot of fun.

"The walking patients got lots of fun, too, out of swapping their hospital 'blues' and dressing themselves up.

"We would see large, stout men in small, skin-tight 'blues,' and little men shuffling around in uniforms of six-footers.

"They were always willing to help us in the wards, and did a great deal to make our work easier.

"The courage of the badly wounded men was inspiring. I remember particularly one Melbourne boy, who had a gunshot wound in his spine.

"He was particularly helpless, but he was one of our brightest patients."

Some of Corporal Warne's patients still write to her. One of them is a little Scotsman, a member of the Sutherland Highlanders.

"We had a party of Scots patients on one trip," she said, "and the ward was always filled with shouts of laughter because it was almost impossible to understand their broad Scots accent.

"Nearly always our answers to their questions had really nothing to do with what they'd asked because it was so difficult for us to understand them."

Ship's concerts were a regular entertainment on the hospital ship, both patients and staff taking part.

### Contralto voice

CORPORAL WARNE, who has a contralto voice, sang duets with Nurse Ida Alexander, who is now stationed at a hospital in Northern Australia.

Corporal Warne wears an engraved gold ring on the third finger of her left hand.

**This is the engagement ring given to her by her fiance, Mr. George Van Der Linde, who is an engineer on the hospital ship.**

Mr. Van Der Linde, tall, fair, and blue-eyed, wears a plain gold ring on his left hand, his engagement ring, given to him by Corporal Warne.

Mr. Van Der Linde is a Dutchman, and the two rings are a Dutch custom.

When they are married, which they hope will be fairly soon, they will wear their rings on their right hands.

Corporal Warne met her fiance on her second trip to the Middle East, and they announced their engagement when they returned to Australia.

Mr. Van Der Linde said they managed to see each other every day if only for a few minutes.

He explained that, being an engineer, he was responsible for the efficiency of all electrical equipment.

**It was his duty to visit Corporal Warne's ward every day, if only for a few minutes, to make sure that the refrigerator was in working order.**

First news that Mrs. F. J. Warne had that her daughter had been awarded the B.E.M. was when the announcement of the award came over the radio in the early-morning news.

"Lesley never tells us anything about her work," said Mrs. Warne, "and we have learned more from the papers about where she has been than she has told us.

"She had a week at home with us last March, and she told us little amusing things that had happened, but she said nothing that she thought she should keep to herself."

Mrs. Warne and another daughter, Mrs. Fred. Hawksworth, whose husband was an original Anzac, and their seven-year-old son, Peter, share a flat at Childers Street, North Adelaide.

**It was Mr. Hawksworth who first heard the news of Lesley's award, when he was making himself an early-morning cup of tea.**

He rushed into the bedroom, awakened his wife, and asked, "Is Lesley's second name Frances? Because, if it is, she's won the B.E.M."

In the morning paper they saw the citation telling of her untiring performance of duties in dangerous areas as a member of the Australian Army Medical Women's Service serving as a nursing orderly on a hospital ship.

### Reassuring smile

"WE never expected Lesley to go in for nursing," said Mrs. Warne. "When she was a child she fainted if she saw blood.

"She didn't like it, even when she was grown up, but after the first operation she assisted in she never complained again," Mrs. Warne said. "But that first operation must have been a pretty big ordeal.

"Lesley told us that a buzzing sound began in her ears, and everything went black before her eyes. She closed them tightly, gritted her teeth very hard, and when she opened them again a reassuring smile from one of the sisters present made everything all right."

Corporal Warne has not seen her family since her leave last year.

She has two other sisters, Mrs. W. H. Tamlin, of Uraidla, in the Adelaide hills, and Mrs. Roy Ridgway, of Port Lincoln.

Her only brother, 25-year-old Ross Warne, has been a prisoner of war in Java for two years.

*HOSPITAL SHIP Oranje, in which Corporal Warne made five trips to the Middle East on hospital duty.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727290

# Editorial

JANUARY 22, 1944

## FINE WORK OF PLAY CENTRES

DURING the current school holidays, thousands of Australian mothers have given fervent thanks for the fine work of the National Fitness Holiday Play Centres which have been operating in most of the capital cities and many country towns as well.

Never before have mothers needed such help so greatly.

The long Christmas holidays have always made great demands on the energy and ingenuity of mothers.

***Now war work and wartime housekeeping difficulties leave them little time to organise outings, games, and amusement through the vacation weeks.***

The play centres have therefore been specially valuable this year.

These provide play facilities for youngsters from five to 15 all day long. Organised games, physical education, crafts and hobbies are watched over by trained staffs.

Many mothers who do war jobs would have had to give them up for the holidays.

***One, whose husband is at the front, told a National Fitness Council official that she had intended to do so until she heard of the centre being opened in her suburb.***

"Now my five youngsters are having one of the happiest holidays they've ever known attending there," she said.

In New South Wales alone there are 62 centres, 31 of them being in the metropolitan area. Nearly 10,000 bottles of milk are distributed free every day to the children.

***Heartening development this year is the awakening of community interest. Many offers of voluntary help and financial assistance have been made and many local councils have given warm support.***

The work deserves even wider co-operation and public interest.

—THE EDITOR.

# Boys thrilled by "Our Glad's" visit

*CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN RUGBY LEAGUE PREMIERS, 1943. Left to right: Back row: W. Eklund, C. J. Rowlands, F. Sutton, T. Darken, E. Cameron, K. E. Tapper, A. L. McWhinney. Centre row: A. Walker, R. Frederickson (vice-captain), Capt. S. Sernack, Capt. J. M. L. MacPherson, M.C., C. E. H. Ruble (captain), J. E. Dale, M. H. Clarke. Front row: C. Feehely, R. Hoy, A. Bentley, V. J. Rixon.*

*MOBILE BROADCASTING UNIT which has toured Middle East and all parts of Australia. Left to right: W/O.2 Geoff de Fraga, compere; Sgt. Jock Sparkes, comedian; Sgt. Jim Ogilvie, radio technician.*

## Stage swamped with bouquets for artists in jungle concert

**First visit to New Guinea of a party of Australian women stage artists has brought enthusiastic letters from boys who heard their concerts in Port Moresby and in the heart of the jungle.**

**"The most memorable night away from home," is how Bdr. G. D. Lewis describes the concert he heard, in a letter to his wife in Bentleigh, Vic.**

"AT last I have seen Gladys Moncrieff and her associate artists, and how I wished you had been here, too. It was absolutely the best thing I've seen away from home all this time," he writes.

"The sports ground where the concert was held was bounded on three sides by high hills, and the slopes looked lovely covered by flowering shrubs and trees.

"The crowd was simply terrific, and we had to stand on boxes at the back to see, but thanks to the very good amplifiers every beautiful note of Australia's Queen of Song came to us perfectly.

"After some chap opening with a good rousing song, out came Kitty Bluett with plenty of 'oomph' and wisecracks, and modern swing songs.

"Then came Bebe Scott, of 'Out of the Bag' radio session, and she was good, too.

"Then at last came Gladys, dressed in a white evening frock (that in itself was a treat for our tr ppo-sore eyes), and we were all spellbound as she sang 'I Was Dreaming,' 'Danny Boy,' and 'My Hero.'

**"Gee, it was wonderful to hear her in person again in such a wonderful way, and was the applause terrific!**

"We had a bit more of the orchestra, Kitty and Bebe, on the stage, then Gladys again with a host of her beautiful songs, 'One Night of Love, 'Arise, O Sun,' and many others of her popular ones that we all love.

"At the finish the chaps up front literally swamped the stage with the most beautiful big bouquets of flowers—goodness knows where they came from.

**"It was all so beautiful, and you just can't imagine how all the chaps appreciated it.**

"When Gladys came to the mike to say a few words, the applause was so terrific that she absolutely broke down and had to ask Bebe to help her out, for, as she said, she's often cried at her own jokes, but never at her own speech before.

"And so the most memorable night away from home came to a close, with the ride back to camp through the dark ghostly bush with the fireflies darting all around."

### A soldier in New Guinea to Miss M. White, 95 John St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.:

"SAW a good show last night, the best I've seen yet up here.

"It was Gladys Moncrieff's concert party, and the boys gave her the biggest reception of her career.

"In all, she rendered 14 songs for us, and the crowd was like Saturday afternoon at the Cricket Ground. The boys were everywhere—up trees, on trucks.

"It caused the first traffic jam we have ever had here. It took us an hour to go a mile.

"But the Aussies gave her the great hand that such a great Aussie deserves."

### Pte. A. P. Simmons in New Guinea to his mother at 28 Second Ave., Alberton East, S.A.:

"WE'VE had a surgical team for some time, and I was picked as anaesthetist.

"One of the other medical units was out on manoeuvres, and we were sent up by plane to help.

"We spent the first day on the coast, and on the second went into the hills about 16 miles and set up a theatre for four days.

"We travelled very light (packs weighed 40lb.), but by the time we got there my pack felt like the whole C.C.S. on my back.

"We had ten natives to carry all the equipment, and there's no doubt about those fellows, they could carry anything anywhere.

"There were two creeks to cross in the 16 miles, and in some places the water was nearly waist-high.

"When we got back to the coast again there was a big job waiting for us. Had we been half an hour later the joker would have died.

"But after he was given a couple of pints of blood (from two of our boys) the doctor operated, and he was sent down here by plane a couple of days later."

### Driver J. M. Smith, to his sister, Miss M. Smith, Ian St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.:

"THE bugler sometimes bugles, sometimes cornets. You should hear him swing Reveille on a cornet.

"It just lifts you out of bed, and when three or four buglers try their harmonising ability on Lights Out, cheers arise from the whole camp."

### Flt.-Sgt. R. W. E. Bennett to his workmates in Sydney:

"WE were half-way out and stooging along at thirteen thousand feet when we felt a terrific impact.

"One motor stopped and the port seemed to be going on half a propeller.

"Our lights went out, and the pilot yelled to us to bail out (our intercommunication went, too). I was first out, as the bomb-aimer was back at the Astro hatch.

**"We all jumped safely, except the pilot, and he couldn't jump because his parachute must have fallen through the front hatch when the collision occurred.**

"At the time of jumping I didn't know the pilot didn't have a 'chute.

"Merv, the pilot, then had to try and land her. He nearly made it, though he had no flaps, but the port wing dug into a hill. He was killed instantly, and the kite burned.

"On my way down—it took me about a quarter of an hour—I saw what looked like a kite burning. I thought it was our Wimp, and naturally concluded she'd gone into a spin as soon as I left.

"Forgot to tell you, we had a huge hole in the fuselage and the starboard motor fell out.

"I found out later the kite I saw burning was the one which hit us. It was a Lancaster, and the crew of seven were all killed.

*NINETEEN YEARS OLD this month, Sgt.-Pilot William Horsman, former A.T.C. cadet, graduated three months ago and received his wings. He is the only son of Mrs. H. Horsman, of Flemington, N.S.W.*

**"My pilot's name was Flt.-Sgt. Fettell, and I wouldn't be surprised if he received a gong. He deserves it, as he really saved our lives by keeping cool.**

"When I return I'll be able to show you my Caterpillar Club badge. I'm going to send it home for my wife to wear as a brooch. It's repoited to be solid gold with ruby eyes, and is inscribed."

### Soldier in New Guinea to his mother, Mrs. E. Dwyer, 231 Ballina St., Lismore, N.S.W.:

TO celebrate the first anniversary of the unit the 100-odd natives here put on a special song and dance during the evening.

"One chap came out dressed in the colored pages of The Australian Women's Weekly."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

# Splendid response to C.C.C. book appeal

**More than 3000 books have been despatched to C.C.C. workers in faraway camps as a result of the Allied Works Council comforts appeal. Several thousand periodicals have also been sent.**

BOOKS and magazines collected in Victoria and South Australia went to the Northern Territory, and contributions from N.S.W. and Queensland to the Far North.

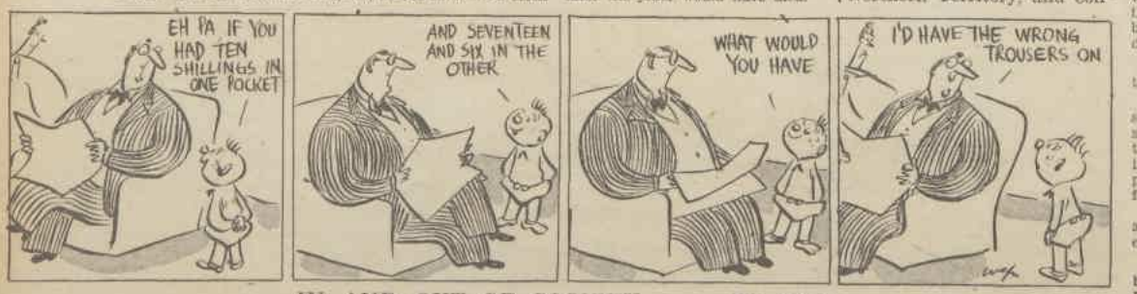
"This is a splendid response in six weeks," said an A.W.C. official, "and the arrival of their consignment of books and papers was a red-letter day for the men in outback areas.

"We are now receiving many contributions from country districts.

"Anyone in the country who can spare books or magazines or games should send them by rail addressed to the Allied Works Council office in their nearest capital. We will pay freight and collect the parcels from the station.

"We still need more playing cards and indoor games—Chinese checkers, Monopoly, and similar games."

**Gifts for the A.W.C. appeal can be sent to Room 301, Third Floor, Rickard House, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.**




IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . *By Wep*

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## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, January 19: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, January 20 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, January 21: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, January 22: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, January 23 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, January 24: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, January 25: Musical Alphabet.

# Replacing Jack Davey

**Jack Davey's temporary retirement from the microphone, to take an American Red Cross field entertainment job, has necessitated changes in the radio programmes with which he has been so long associated.**

THREE shows affected are "Calling the Stars," the Army camp quiz, "Rise and Shine," and "As You Like It."

Ron Beck has now been appointed director of productions for the three shows, with Lloyd Lamble as executive producer.

Ron Beck has been writing comedy routines for these shows since 1942, and has also been script editor and assistant-producer.

Lloyd Lamble is well known as one of the leading figures in radio and theatrical circles.

A newcomer to the programme is Jack Burgess, of Adelaide, who will act as compere for "Calling the Stars," "Rise and Shine," and "As You Like It."

He has been responsible for some of Adelaide's notable broadcasts.

Montague Brearley, celebrated conductor, formerly of the B.B.C., London, and the A.B.C., Melbourne, continues as conductor and musical director of "Calling the Stars."

**"Rise and Shine," the Army quiz and variety show, now in its fourth year, will be handled by Jack Burgess, and Hal Lashwood, another popular radio performer.**

"Calling the Stars" is always adding to its ranks new artists of distinction.

A new comedy team is lined up for the near future—Wayne Froman and Harry Avondale.

**They will portray the adventures of Pancake the Magician, and his giant servant, Loafer.**

The absence of Jack Davey will be regretted by many listeners, but all wish him success in his work among the boys on active service.

At the same time, radio listeners will give a welcome to those who are carrying on where he left off.

## FILM GUIDE

★★★ **Life Begins at 8.30.** Due entirely to the superb competence of Monty Woolley, Ida Lupino, and Cornel Wilde, a talented newcomer, this film is engrossing entertainment.—Century; showing.

★★★ **Across the Pacific.** Vividly etched characterisations by Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet, and brilliant direction by John Huston make this a tense melodrama.—Tatler; showing.

★★★ **Corvette K225.** A fascinating film with stirring sea sequences and a theme that intermingles drama and romance. Ella Raines makes an effective debut.—State; showing.

★★ **Salute to the Marines.** MGM have done a good job in pepping up a time-worn theme. Wallace Beery and Fay Bainter give moving performances. Marilyn Maxwell provides glamorous decoration.—St. James; showing.

★ **Buckskin Frontier.** Dealing with early railroads, this film is exciting fare for Western fans. Richard Dix and Jane Hyatt are capable.—Civic; showing.

★ **The Strange Death of Adolf Hitler.** This is an intriguing piece, though frequently confusing. Gale Sondergaard does well.—Capitol; showing.

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, is in danger of losing
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, because
**SHARPY:** A wrestling manager, has tricked Lothar into signing a contract. Lothar, though enormously strong, never wants to fight unless angered. Sharpy suggests to a promoter, Joe, that he put Lothar into a final event. The pair go to watch Lothar wrestling with Snaggletooth, but Lothar laughs, says he is ticklish, and doesn't try.

**NOW READ ON—**

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*TWO badly frightened but attractive dark-skinned beauties were brought before the naval officer.*

# Navy to rescue of castaway island belles

## "Big wind" blew their canoe 600 miles into war zone

*By a Special Correspondent Somewhere in the Pacific*

**"Big Marstah, Big Marstah!" shouted the native houseboy as he dashed into the leaf hut of a callow "sub-loot" at an R.A.N. station somewhere in the Pacific.**

**The "sub" raised an eyebrow in reply as the native in gabbling pidgin blurted out that a papau (canoe) had been blown into the lagoon, and the occupants, two Marys (native girls), had gone bush.**

THE "sub" stroked the stubble on his chin, the ignoble beginnings of a beard, thoughtfully.

He wondered whether K.R. and A.I. (King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions) had anything to say about an eventuality such as two foreign Marys fetching up at an R.A.N. station in wartime.

The houseboy added that no one could understand their talk, but it had been possible to determine the island they came from.

The naval officer thought there was something fishy about that story. Two Marys did not voyage 600 miles in a dugout canoe in war or any other time.

"Fetchim Marys and canoe," he ordered.

### Unknown tongue

A LITTLE later two badly frightened but attractive dark-skinned beauties were brought before the naval officer.

Navinora (19), wearing a red-and-white hibiscus-designed calico, and Navaniti (20), in a blue-and-white calico confection, hung their heads as the interrogation began.

Both girls gabbled away at a rate of over 300 words a minute when the officer stopped speaking. The officer, well versed in Solomons and New Guinea pidgin, could not understand a word of their talk.

Another officer, who had voyaged farther afield in the Pacific before the war, and knew a few words of the dialect, joined the party.

He examined the Marys' canoe and identified its type.

The canoe was just a 12ft. dug-out log with a beam of about 10 inches, together with an outrigger. It was without sail, and had only one paddle. It was a canoe for use inside a reef, not sea-going.

**Unable to get anywhere with his interrogation, the naval officer ordered the Marys to be kept under strict surveillance. They might possibly be part of some Jap trickery, so better not take chances.**

The native chief of the island, Isia (I-See-Ah), agreed to put them in the care of his favorite wife.

A week passed and the visitors gradually picked up sufficient vocabulary to tell their story. It ran like this:

Navinora was "marrit," and was taking her single girl friend, Navaniti, for a kai kai (native feast and dance) on an adjoining atoll.

They took the canoe across the lagoon to gather yams and coconuts so they would not arrive empty-handed at the party.

With the canoe filled with tropical foodstuffs they began paddling across the mouth of the lagoon to an atoll where the party was to be held.

The "Big Wind" (S.E. monsoon) caught their frail craft and took them out to sea. This happened three days before the full moon, Navaniti explained, thus fixing the duration of the voyage.

They were, in fact, blown 600 miles, and right into the Pacific war.

**For fourteen days they tried to paddle their way out of the southerly set. They finally gave up the attempt and were prepared to die.**

The wind slackened a trifle on the third day, and it rained hard. They drank rain water caught in the pandanus leaf baskets, and ate some yam and coconut.

They sat in the water clinging on to the outrigger with their feet on the ten-inch beam of the dug-out log hull. The yams and coconuts were under a sort of hatch in the log aft.

On the fourth and fifth days they heard gunfire and saw "plane belong America and along Japan going bang bang." Heavy seas broke over them and their frail craft on both these days.

They became cramped sitting in the water on the outrigger, and frequently fell overside trying to stretch their limbs. Many times they had to beat off marauding sharks with the paddle.

Their food supply was very low on the twelfth day, so they did not eat at all. Some of the food was lost overside in heavy seas.

At dawn on the fourteenth day they entered a tide rip and were swept into a lagoon, sighting land for the first time. They used the paddle and got the canoe on to the beach of an atoll.

**So, after a remarkable 14-day drift the "Big Wind" delivered them into the capable hands of the Royal Australian Navy.**

Some natives saw them from a hill and shouted, so they ran into the bush to hide.

It took several weeks to check their story, which was finally accepted as correct, and arrangements were made by the Navy to take them home.

### Farewell feast

WHEN told of the arrangements, Navaniti wept and said she did not want to leave. She liked Chief Isia and his tribe, particularly, it was thought, a certain male.

Navinora, too, said she would like to stay, but was afraid to do so as her husband would beat her. Finally, both girls agreed to go home.

Chief Isia pointed out to the naval officer that the girls' original mission was to attend a kai kai. He asked permission to hold an "aloha, elue" (farewell dance or "sing sing").

This was granted, and preparations were made by the local belles.

Tropical fruits were garnered, and rice and bully beef were thrown in for the feast by the officers' mess.

With fires heaped up with coconut logs blazing brightly, 200 natives carrying flaming palm fronds performed a legendary folk dance which lasted three hours.

**The beach presented an eerie sight as black and brown bodies weaved in and out of a string of fires. Next morning Navinora and Navaniti stepped on the ship which was to take them to a mission and on to their home.**

With tears streaming down their faces they called softly a word they had learned from their hosts' dialect, "Aloha! Aloha!" (Farewell! Farewell!).

# How A.T.C. trains fledglings for future service in the air

**Nowadays when a rookie enters the R.A.A.F. it's two to one that he enters with a good idea of what to expect in the Service.**

**Not only has he done preliminary training in technical subjects, but he's well primed on Service routine, down to details like folding his blankets in the miraculously neat Service manner.**

HE knows all about such Service mysteries as substantive, temporary, and acting ranks, and he can talk glibly in that language of initials so beloved of the Services, and so maddening to female companions.

All this is due to the Air Training Corps—for boys between 16 and 18 — which has supplied 5000 R.A.A.F. enlistments for the Commonwealth, and which keeps up a steady flow of the Service intake.

Recently one month's figures showed that 70 per cent. of the intake for air crew was drawn from the A.T.C.

### Permanent camp

**AT Avalon, N.S.W., there is a camp for these lads. The Avalon camp is the only permanent A.T.C. camp in Australia, and has an R.A.A.F. staff.**

A steady flow of ...T.C. squadrons from all over the State passes through this camp, each group spending a week.

When the boys go into this camp, with its Service-style huts set in a glade among cabbage palms and flowering gums, and within a mile of the sea, the first thing they're told is that this week isn't going to be a holiday.

They find their day lasts from 6 a.m. to 10.30 p.m., that it follows closely the *routine* of physical training, study, and fatigues that they'll have when they enter their R.A.A.F. rookie camp.

"It isn't a loaf, if that's what you mean by a holiday," said one lad, "but it'll do me."

A smart 16-year-old sentry salutes at the entrance. He sets the keynote for a camp which, except for the youth of its inmates and perhaps just a little less formality, conforms in every respect to an adult establishment.

That is, it conforms outwardly. There is the notable variation that the boys LIKE guard duty.

**Once an exasperated A.T.C. instructor said to some rookies: "If you fellows don't behave I'll put you all on guard duty."**

"Can we?" shouted the boys.

At sixteen, handling a Service rifle for two hours at a stretch isn't a duty—it's a pleasure.

Nor are there any provosts in the A.T.C. Officers use the honor system. It rarely fails.

Camp Commandant Flying-Officer E. Wood, R.A.A.F., has served with a famous bomber squadron in Northern Australia, and saw four years' active service with the A.I.F. in the last war.

The Service lectures which he gives are among the most popular of the evening series of lectures, for he has a fund of stories about famous air aces whom he has known.

**He tells the boys of the comradeship between air crew and ground staff at operational stations, and of deeds by ground staff no less gallant than those of pilots.**

One of the first things the boys learn on entering camp is how to fold their three blankets and "box" them in a fourth, in Air Force style, and how to leave their huts for inspection.

**The sight of those huts in the morning, with knife, fork, and plate, and shining boots set out in front of the bedding is enough to arouse the envy of the mother of any average boy.**

It is Sergeant C. Herbert, R.A.A.F., Warrant - Officer - Disciplinary, who teaches them these points, and is also their drill and physical training instructor.

### English sergeant

SERGEANT HERBERT, Southampton-born, who can't be as young as he looks, for he was wounded four times in his service with the British Army in the last war, has a back like a ramrod.

In between the wars he served on merchant ships, and in this war he has had plenty of experience drilling Air Force recruits.

In his spare time, Sergeant Herbert grows vegetables and flowers round the mess huts.

Boys from the farthest corners of N.S.W. come to this camp for a week's training during their term in the A.T.C. Some are schoolboys, while others are already earning their living and obtain holidays to join their squadron in camp.

Many have elder brothers in the Air Force.

The day The Australian Women's Weekly visited the camp the occupants were of Squadron 43, which has its headquarters in Canberra.

But when squadrons from the Far West come down they often include boys who have never seen a city, nor the sea, and even some who had not previously travelled in a train.

**Their own A.T.C. officers accompany the boys to camp. These A.T.C. officers, many of them schoolmasters, are men who are doing a splendid job voluntarily, and have undertaken special training to fit them for the work.**

R.A.A.F. sergeants are loaned to the camp to instruct in such subjects as small arms, unarmed combat, and navigation, and during the week a visit to an aerodrome, and usually a flight, is arranged as well.

Fatigues aren't more popular than in any camp, but since each boy spends only a half day on fatigues, and there is a scrupulous oversight to see that none gets more than his fair share of the "dirty work," the lads take it cheerfully.

Kitchen fatigues mean plenty of assistants for the cook. Normally the cook is an R.A.A.F. corporal, but recently he has been relieved by an interesting personality in 60-year-old Frank Royall.

Frank Royall was chief steward in the Aurora during Sir Douglas Mawson's Antarctic expedition in 1912 to 1914, and has served with the U.S. Merchant Navy during this war.

*WASHING UP at A.T.C. camp. Cadet Bill Harris washes, with driers-up Cadet John Spottiswood, Cpl. Cyril Rees, and Cadet John Cleary.*

(See other pictures on opposite page)

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# A.T.C. campers sample Air Force life

**STATION PARADE** and ceremony of raising of the ensign at Air Training Corps camp at Avalon, N.S.W. (See story of camp on opposite page.)

**SMART SALUTE** from sentry, Sgt. Garnet Lewis, of Cessnock, N.S.W., as an R.A.A.F. car enters the camp.

**FIREWOOD FATIGUE.** Cadets H. Burt and J. Boag saw a log of wood, while Cadet Tom Emerson waits his turn.

**PEELING POTATOES.** The cook, Frank Royall, shows Cadet David Benjamin how to do it, while Joe, the camp dog, looks on. Joe takes part in all parades.

**CANTEEN INTERVAL** is enjoyed by Cpl. C. J. Rees, Cpl. P. J. Esdaile, Cadet A. D. Morris, and Cpl. W. A. Armstrong.

**UNARMED COMBAT.** Sgt. T. Cowell, R.A.A.F., instructs Cpl. Ian Ray how to throw Cadet J. Fitzpatrick.

**SHIP RECOGNITION** is part of course. Here Flt.-Lieut. S. A. Broome, A.T.C., who is principal of Canberra Technical College, gives instruction. *(Pictures by A. Chambers.)*

**ROPE-CLIMBI**[illegible]G by Cadet David Duffy. A boy of 16 [illegible] 17 is expected to climb 15 feet, th[illegible] of 17 to 19, 25 feet.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727294

# The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 7

HAYES said abruptly. "If such a trip could be put across for Miss Neill, I'm inclined to think it would be a good thing all round."

"Shall I talk to our embassy?" asked Miss Denham.

"You'd fly, of course," said Alec.

"It's the only way to go," Hayes agreed.

Pamela said nothing. Her face was alight with excitement. Hayes thought: That's the way she looked on the day she came rushing into the machine shop at Metallo, when she and I had a run-in.

"You might get a glimpse of your bombardier, too, you know," he said. "Is he still in England?"

"I think so. It's a friend of mine," she explained to Miss Denham and the Englishman. "He's with the Air Forces. The man I'm engaged to."

"You don't know where he's stationed, I suppose?"

"No. He can't tell me much of anything, because of the censorship. I had a letter yesterday. He was staying in the country with some people that Sunday. They were terribly nice to him. You may know them? Eve Kennedy—the one who does songs and monologues."

"Of course I do. Eve's an extraordinary person," said Miss Denham.

"Had hard luck," said Wardlaw-Leake, and under the influence of his second highball added discreetly, "Doesn't justify everything though."

Alec filled his own glass. "I didn't know Kip was staying at her place," he remarked.

"I forgot to tell you that, Alec."

"The thing about Eve Kennedy," Wardlaw-Leake remarked to Hayes, for his mind had stayed on the familiar name, "is that nobody ever had any control over her. There was a lot of money. Not much left now, I suppose. Young Kennedy had some, too. He crashed in Greece. All those airmen go sooner or later. Just a question of time. The finest of the lot, too."

He was talking into a hush and became aware of it breaking off his last abrupt sentence with an embarrassed growl of apology. Pam's hands were held together, tightly, but she smiled as she stood up.

"To-morrow really is a working day," she said. "It's been wonderful to meet you, Miss Denham."

"I shall really see what I can do about the trip. Could you go any time?"

"I think I could get a few weeks off for anything so important. Maybe Mr. Hayes would say a word for me to the boss."

The glance she sent toward Hayes was intercepted by his wife. Julia's farewell to Pamela was icy. She told the others that she hoped she would see them again.

"He's too nice to have drawn a bitter dose like that," said Pam to Alec as the elevator shot down with them from the tower, "he's much too nice. He's a darling."

"I think she's very attractive, too," answered Alec.

"You're a hypocrite."

"Well, I turned away the hand that held the dagger more than once to-night."

"What's she got against me?"

"Ten years of extra life. Twenty pounds of extra flesh. And you constitute a threat," said Alec.

"Threat to what?"

"To her husband's appreciation of green hats and snaky dresses. Maybe it would be a good thing for you to go to England."

"On that account?"

They walked through the vast, softly furnished lobby before he answered.

On my account, too, said his thought. On my account, so that every time I see you I won't wonder why I was fool enough ever to introduce Kip to you, and wonder what he's going to do to you, and wonder if that's really what you want of life, and know that I can't do anything about it.

"That would be quite a trip," he said at length, rather feebly.

"Think of flying the Atlantic. In wartime!"

He was thinking of it. She shouldn't be allowed to do it. There was too much danger involved.

"I think it would be crazy for you to go," he said.

"Why?"

"Because it's not safe."

"That's no reason. Who is safe to-day?"

"You're reasonably so if you stay where you are in this country and look both ways crossing streets."

"It's not very important whether I'm safe or not."

"You know better than that," said Alec roughly. "It's very important. It isn't as if nobody cares about you. You mean a lot. You mean more than you know. Or can understand."

"How dear of you to say that," she answered, slipping her hand gratefully in his. "Do you know, Alec, sometimes I've doubted it. Whether I'm necessary to Kip or not. That's not disloyalty. You know how I feel about him. When I thought to-night that if I did go to England maybe I might see him, I felt my heart race along as if I were already on the way there. And yet I was a little scared that he might not want me. When you're separated from a man it isn't that you doubt yourself. You don't let that happen for a minute.

"But you can't help wondering if it's all still true with the other person, if he feels as he did. I couldn't talk to anyone else like this. But you know Kip so well. And me. And if you think I mean so much to him, I believe it."

He started to speak and stopped. He hadn't been talking of Kip a moment before. He had been talking of himself.

PAMELA heard a knock and opened her eyes as the waiter came into the room.

"I brought your early tea, miss," said the unfamiliar voice, and she realised in one flash that she was in London.

The room was dark and she remembered that she hadn't drawn back the curtains because she was afraid she might forget the black-out and turn on a light if she woke in the night. Now the waiter was opening them to let in the sun that fell through windowpanes criss-crossed with strips of cloth.

"Didn't I hear guns last night?" she asked.

"They came over about two o'clock," said the waiter without excitement. "There was no alert, so they can't have got as far as the city."

"You're quite used to it, aren't you?" she asked incredulously.

He gave a small, wry, polite smile. "It's been quiet now for some time. But they used to come over so regular every day that you could set your watch by them. We're getting back at them now. Giving them some of their own. With the help of your country, miss."

Pamela said, because she wanted to mention it aloud, "The man I'm going to marry is in our Air Forces. He's over here now."

The Waiter's face grew very kind. He was an old man with thin, white hair and everything about him was shabby except his manner.

"I hope the captain's on leave," he said.

"The lieutenant's managed a day at least," answered Pam happily.

"Shall I bring your breakfast soon?"

"In half an hour, please."

"What would you like this morning?"

"What can I have?"

"I'll have a look downstairs," he said.

When he was gone she drank the tea hastily and got up at once. Her room was on the second floor, and not far below she could see the London street geared for wartime, with its signs S pointing toward a shelter, with old sandbags piled against the base of a building, and the cavity where a structure had been destroyed making the street look as if it had a missing tooth.

Kip hadn't told her much. But his answer to her telegram lay open on the desk in her sitting-room, verifying everything she wanted to know:

"Shall be there at one o'clock good for you love Kip."

So he was alive, still in England, proud that she had come, and he loved her. It was all in the message.

She put on her gayest clothes, the only bright ones she had been able to bring in her scant flying luggage, a yellow woollen coat and skirt. The waiter, returning with her breakfast, admired her greatly and she knew it. He had brought a pot of coffee and a rack of toast and a big covered silver platter.

Lifting the lid, he declared gravely, "Very fortunately there was bacon this morning, miss."

It was a very small rasher of bacon, but Pamela shared his respect and enthusiasm for it.

"It's wonderful. Thank you so much," she said gratefully, and was just about to begin her breakfast and open the newspapers when a very small boy, as young for his work in the hotel as the waiter was old, brought in three letters for her.

One was a notification that an arrangement had already been made for her to visit some factories in the Midlands in the early part of the following week. One was a note of welcome from a woman Member of Parliament, so Pam judged that Miss Denham had been busy advertising her coming. The third note was more unexpected, a few brief lines written on blue notepaper that was crossed at the top by a crest and a country address:

"Dear Miss Neill: Kip Galloway says you've just arrived from the States. Can't you come to us for the week-end? He'll bring you down this afternoon if you will. Yours, Eve Kennedy."

How exceedingly nice of her, was Pam's first thought. It was an exciting invitation, for Eve Kennedy was almost a famous personage, and its abrupt tone did not surprise Pamela, for she knew how quickly the British went to the point in extending hospitality.

She read it again. It seemed as if Kip and Eve Kennedy must have talked this over, since it was arranged that he would bring her. He had probably said that it was up to Pam to accept or refuse. Would he want to go down to Kent, or was he leaving it to her to get out of going? Pam hoped that the latter was true, for she wanted Kip to herself this week-end.

That was why she had taken a sitting-room, as well as a bedroom, so that they would have a place to sit and talk, so he could make himself at home. He probably wouldn't have much free time, and she wanted all there was.

In any case, the invitation might not mean very much. It was probably only a courtesy that would be extended almost automatically if an American officer said that the girl to whom he was engaged was arriving in England. He had been talking about her, that was clear.

At one o'clock he'd be here. That was a long way off, but there were plenty of things to be done before then.

She must get started this morning on the interviews that lay ahead, the calls at the Ministries. The newspapers still lay by her plate. She opened The Times. The news was good. And bad. The raid of the night before last was the largest to date and had been successful. But nineteen planes had failed to return.

That was so much more actual now that she had seen the wreckage and heard the guns.

She didn't finish the precious bacon, but covered it again carefully, hoping that the waiter would get what was left of it. Taking up her purse and notebook she left her room and went down the big, dim corridors that were carpeted to the edges, and the wide stairs that led to the foyer.

Scars of destruction were everywhere outside, ragged walls where buildings had been wrecked, ghost churches burned out within, shop windows stripped of everything but their golden lettering. But every time she passed men or women in uniform none of that seemed to matter. Everyone had a look of having reached a new intensity and power of concentration. There were no loiterers.

The secretary of the Ministry who talked to her that morning was disconcerted by her youth. She could see him glance down at the letters before him, which undoubtedly concerned her, and she knew that she appeared older and more responsible on paper than in full view.

"You know Mr. Hayes?" he asked at length. "Personally?"

"Yes. He helped me to come over."

"He must be an extraordinary man. An industrial genius."

Somehow she had not thought of Jerome Hayes as a genius. Strange how different people looked at a distance. She must tell Alec.

"We want to do everything we can for you, Miss Neill. You have your appointments for next week, I understand. Are you comfortable? Well taken care of?"

She looked quickly at her watch. "Very well."

## Animal Antics

*"He's class-conscious. Refuses to ride with mongrels like us."*

"I hope our battered city doesn't depress you."

"It just proves what we have to do to stop such things."

"That's quite right," the secretary agreed.

"I've a friend who's said for a long time that the only answer is that civilised people must control bombers, be the best bombers," Pam declared.

"Is he in the Service?"

"No. He makes them. He improves them all the time." She suddenly said almost defensively: "Somebody's got to do that part of it!"

The secretary said she was absolutely right. So there was no reason to explain anything more about Alec. But Pam felt vaguely that she hadn't done him justice.

She had made several calls in the morning and had to hurry back to the hotel. The foyer and cocktail room were no longer empty. People were crowding in for lunch. Most of the men were in uniform, and so were many of the girls and women. The others wore what they pleased, with no pretence of a common fashion. A scarf over the head, a pull-over jersey, a cotton dress—it didn't seem to matter at all. But they stared at Pam with interest.

Her eyes searched the groups for Kip. He was not there. A man's shoulders looked like his, and she took a step in that direction. But the airman turned and Pam's heart turned over, for his face had been repaired. What had it been like before? Did such things happen?

"WELL, what do you know?" asked Kip behind her. He held out both hands as she whirled on him; he gave her a polite, public kiss. "What a girl you turned out to be! So you flew over. I didn't believe it at first. How did you put that over, and on what fellow?"

"It's a very secret mission."

"Didn't you just come to see me?"

"They don't give passports for that."

"That's where they're all wrong. You look more beautiful than ever."

"You look awfully well, Kip!"

He did look well, as if he were all muscle and energy. He wasn't harmed, or changed. Or was he? He seemed to have that intensity and concentration she had seen in other faces, as if they were used to stress and danger, as if they rather enjoyed it.

"Say—did you get a letter this morning, Pam?"

"Quite a few."

"Did you get one from Eve Kennedy?"

"Yes. Wasn't it decent of her to ask me down?"

"You'll be crazy about that place. It's really something."

"You want me to go?"

"Oh, sure. Why not?"

"I don't know. I thought you might rather stay in town."

"No; this will work out just fine. I'm stationed pretty close to there, you know."

"I see. And you're on leave this week-end, aren't you?"

"I guess it's coming to me," he said, and the concentration in his face grew greater, made him almost grim. "I've put in my time this week. And got results."

To be continued

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# As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

FRIDAY, January 21, is likely to be adverse to a great many people, while January 23 and 24 are better than the other days of the week, but not particularly productive of good fortune.

Those for whom the present period is favorable must work harder than usual in order to achieve really good results. Those for whom it is not favorable must be more expert than ordinarily to dodge pitfalls, arguments, loss, and troubles.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Beware obstacles, discord, worry, ailments, and unpopularity on January 19, 20, 21, 24, and 25. Nevertheless, your fortune improves a little now. January 22 and 23 (morning) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A poor week to be guarded. January 19, 20, and 21 can bring losses, disappointment, ill-health. Rest of week also obstructive. Avoid all change.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 23): Things now begin to improve, so plan wisely for next week. Meanwhile January 21 (afternoon and evening), January 22 and 23 may bring some loss or worry. January 23 (after midday) fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be cautious for a few days yet, though January 21 (near 2 p.m.), slightly helpful to home affairs. January 23 (to 9 a.m.), fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): A poor week for unwary Leonians. Be careful. Avoid changes, arguments, opposition and loss, especially on January 19, 20, and 21, and 23 (evening). Let important matters wait for some weeks.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): January 19 (late evening) and January 21 (near 2 p.m.), January 23 (early afternoon), all helpful, but otherwise be cautious and critical.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): A mixed week, so be cautious. January 19 and 20 can bring partings, unpopularity, and worry. January 21 poor except possibly near 2 p.m. and round dusk. January 23 (to 9 a.m.), very fair. January 23 (evening) fair. Plan for next week.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Tricky days. January 19 may bring trouble, yet late evening may bring good news or changes. January 20 may be worst. January 21 probably adverse, so be cautious, especially after dusk. January 23 (evening), poor. Be careful for some weeks.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): January 21 (near noon and dusk), slightly helpful. January 22 (to 9 a.m.), very fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): January 19 tricky, so be cautious. Health, friendships, or home affairs can be troublesome. January 20, tricky and disruptive. January 21 a little better near 2 p.m., but otherwise difficult.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Things improve for the next few weeks so plan ahead. Meanwhile January 19, 20, and 21 very deceptive, obstructive, and peculiar. January 22 good to 9 a.m., then fair. January 23, fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): January 19 (late evening), fair, but, on the whole, that day and January 20 are tricky. January 21 can be very difficult, and January 22 and 23 poor. January 23 (early), poor also. January 25 has possibilities for slight improvement.

*[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]*

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

*"I don't want the neighbors' fowls to see me when I plant these vegetables."*

## Fashion Frock Service

**"SUSAN," CHIC FROCK IN SUMMER FLORAL**

Fashioned from a crepe-de-chine type of material in conventional designs, this round-the-clock frock is available in lime, blue, coral-pink, or lemon-toned backgrounds. The neckline is high and fitting with an attractive-shaped shoulder yoke, short, well-extended sleeves, bloused-top bodice, and a fitting waistband. The skirt is full at the centre front and features twin large hip pockets.

**Ready To Wear.**—32 and 34-inch bust, 62/11 (13 coupons), 1/9½ postage; 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 65/11 (13 coupons), 1/9½ postage.

**Cut Out Only** (ready to sew at home).—32 and 34-inch bust, 43/6 (12 coupons), 1/9½ postage; 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 45/11 (12 coupons), 1/9½ postage.

N.B.: The illustration shows a plainly designed fabric, but please note predominating background tones of this exquisitely patterned frock and select accordingly.

How to obtain "SUSAN": In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3488BB, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip and bust measurements.

## Needlework Notions

**SLIP AND BLOOMERS FOR CHILD**

WITH the pattern traced clearly on a good hard-wearing material called rayon crepe-de-chine in pink, blue, or white, this dainty set is available in sizes from one to four years, all ready to cut and sew at home.

The slip is the ever-popular princess type, with inset panels and fullish skirt. Bloomers have the waistband to fit the hips, fullness over the legs, gathered into elastic.

One to two years: Petticoat, 6/11, 3 coupons, plus 4½d. postage. Bloomers, 3/11, 3 coupons, 2½d. postage.

Complete set costs 18/3, plus 6 coupons and 4½d. postage.

Two to four years: Petticoat, 7/6, 3 coupons, postage 4½d. Bloomers, 4/6, 3 coupons, postage 2½d.; or set for 11/3, 6 coupons, 4½d. postage.

Please ask for No. 428.

**3-PIECE DUCHESSE SET.**

WITH embroidery motifs traced clearly on a hard-wearing cotton material called Indian muslin in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, also white and natural, this charming three-piece duchesse set is available ready for embroidering. It shows a rose design to be worked in vivid or pastel tones, and a scalloped edge ready for buttonhole-stitch.

Price complete, 3/6, postage 2½d.

Please ask for No. 429.

# Fashion PATTERNS

F3423

F3433

F3423.—Charming outfit for present wear, featuring the fashion's highlight: frilling. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins., wide, 4yds. trimming. Pattern, 1/7.

F3433.—Charming and decorative style highlighted with frilling. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and 2½yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/7.

F3431.—Very, very smart form-fitting style. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3420.—A dress that every girl will want for going places. Smartly decorative. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/7.

F3419

F3420

F3431

F307

F307.—Crisp little style for the 4 to 8-year-old miss. Requires 1⅞ to 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3419. — An exquisitely designed frock that will gain instantaneous approval. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3⅞yds., 36ins. wide, and 2½yds. trimming. Pattern, 1/7.

## Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue: 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 891G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 489F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. traders use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE .. ..... Pattern Coupon, 22/1/44.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age or child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

1 2 3

*Special Concession Pattern*

AVAILABLE FOR [illegible]

THREE [illegible] FRIENDS

Sizes, 8-10, 10-12, [illegible]

No. 1.—Material [illegible] print.

No. 2.—Material [illegible]

No. 3.—Material [illegible] trimming.

UNDER THE BEACH UMBRELLA. Mrs. John McHose, Director of the American Red Cross Service Bureau, and her two children, Ann and Jock Whittaker, enjoy their holiday at Palm Beach.

# On and Off Duty.

***PALM BEACH crowded over holidays when numbers of well-knowns spare few days from their war jobs to bask in sun on the beach.***

Notice Mrs. Reg Bettington and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, of Red Cross Special Auxiliary, enjoying short holiday from the office.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carroll among the "regulars," but only stay down for week-ends, as Muriel is busy at American Centre and Air Force House.

The Carrolls wonder how the tame kookaburras who come down every evening for meal of meat scraps will get on during meat rationing.

Marie Stuart Doyle, who is secretary of the Wahroonga Red Cross Branch, spends week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Doyle, in their hillside beach house. Marie dashes back to town after week-end to be present at branch meeting.

• • •

LOVELY heirloom wedding gift of string of pearls from her aunt, Mrs. Kirkan, Summer Hill, to Hazel Stewart when she marries Lieut. Edwin Holdsworth, A.I.F., of Camden.

Ceremony is at St. Philip's, and Hazel, who is second daughter of Mr. C. A. Stewart, of Lindfield, and the late Mrs. Stewart, wears tailored white crepe afternoon frock embroidered with pearls. Her tiny grey hat has cyclamen trimming.

Bridesmaid is Nita Stewart, and best man Lieut. Charles Casson, A.I.F.

• • •

RURAL life for the future for Mrs. Russell Webster, who's going to look after her husband's property near Condobolin while he is away with the A.I.F.

Before her marriage at Christmas time, Roberta, who is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donald, of Neutral Bay, was a member of the W.A.A.A.F.

At present she is staying with Russell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Webster, Condobolin.

NAVAL BRIDEGROOM. Sub.-Lieut. Clive Taylor, R.A.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Betty McGlynn, leave St. Andrew's Cathedral after their wedding.

A.I.F. WEDDING. Sergeant John Ferrer, A.I.F., Medindie, South Australia, and his bride, formerly Joan Sterling-Levis, after their marriage at St. James' Church.

BRIGHT twenty-first birthday party for pretty Doreen Gorman, of Crow's Nest, given by group of girl friends at Mosman Rowing Club. Doreen is one of helpers at the American Red Cross Service Club.

Message of good wishes for birthday and party come from Doreen's brother Marcel, who is with A.I.F. in New Guinea. She is daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gorman, of Walcha.

WEDDING at St. Stephen's for Flight-Officer Essie Margaret Nangle and Stephen Herbert Watson, of the Public Works Department.

Bride is the only daughter of the late T. E. Nangle and of Mrs. Nangle, of Greenwich Point, and bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Watson, of Wollongong.

After the ceremony there is a reception at the bride's home.

CHRISTENING. Commander F. M. Cook, R.A.N., D.S.C. and Mrs. Cook, with their baby son, David James Norton, after the christening ceremony at their home in Edgecliff.

SIGNING THE REGISTER. Undergraduates Mr. and Mrs. David Downie sign register at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, after their wedding as Rev. H. N. Powys looks on. Bride is former Joy Wilson, of Vaucluse.

WELL-KNOWN RED CROSS WORKER Mrs. Wallace Anderson and her small daughter, Caroline, enjoy the sunshine at Palm Beach.

FORMER NEW GUINEA PLANTER, Lieut. Russell Smith, and his bride, Phyllis Crutchley, leave St. Mary's Cathedral.

NEWS of members of the Women's Naval Service from Mrs. L. Cooke, who is Service Commander.

"We have just presented a dressing trolley and typewriter to the Naval Wing of Randwick Hospital, and made donations to The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen," says Mrs. Cooke.

Girls meet twice a week for physical training and on Saturday afternoons some of them go to hospitals and also a naval depot to assist in ledger-keeping.

On Saturday night members take charge of the work at the Merchant Navy Club in Elizabeth Street.

• • •

FAREWELLS in Sydney to popular Joan Kelk, who leaves to take up new job in Alice Springs with the Allied Works Council. For last four years Joan has been secretary of the Pathology Department at Sydney Hospital, but she resigned recently when appeal was made for trained staff for "The Alice."

• • •

EACH child present at the 7th Armored Regiment's party for wives and children of the regiment, at David Jones', receives a bright new shilling to start the New Year.

Secretary Mrs. V. Carruthers receives box of flowers on behalf of the members of the auxiliary.

• • •

JUST back in Sydney from honeymoon, Lieut. Ian Macqueen, A.I.F., and his bride, who was Marjorie Brooks, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brooks, of Neutral Bay, and formerly of Fiji.

Ian has to rejoin his unit and Marjorie is going back to her job.

"Have written accounts of the wedding to my two brothers, who are sergeant-pilots in R.A.A.F.—Weston in England and Keith in Rhodesia," says Marjorie.

Betty

## Interesting People

### COMMANDER A. C. C. MIERS

*. . . submarines*

FAMOUS British submarine commander, Commander A. C. C. Miers, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, is visiting Australia as liaison officer to Pacific Fleet. "To be aboard a submarine is a pleasant way to fight a war," he declares. Won V.C. when he took his submarine Torbay on daring and successful raid on shipping in Corfu Harbor, Mediterranean. Another historic exploit was the landing of commandos in North Africa for the raid on Rommel's headquarters. Has been 14 years in subs. He is 37.

### MISS HARRIET ROOT

*. . . U.S. reference libraries here*

TO meet increasing Australian interest in America, Miss Harriet Root recently arrived from United States to establish U.S. reference libraries here. Heads group of six women members of U.S. Office of War Information who will organise libraries in Sydney, Melbourne, New Zealand. All six held important posts in American libraries. Received special training in Washington.

### MR. ALAN MARSHALL

*. . . short stories*

WINNER of 1943 Victorian Fellowship of Australian Writers' short story contest, Mr. Alan Marshall, of Victoria, has war job with Army Education Department as tutor in free-lance journalism. Has more than 200 soldier pupils. Last year made caravan trip round Australia to collect relatives' messages to send to "A.I.F. News," soldiers' paper in Middle East.

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## Movie World

● *Although she is one of Warners' most popular stars, lovely Olivia de Havilland at present appears to be far more interested in her romance with Army Lieutenant John Huston, ex-director, and son of actor Walter Huston, than in her own screen career. While John is in camp, Olivia spends most of her time helping at the Hollywood Canteen. Her latest performance in "Princess O'Rourke," in which film she stars with Robert Cummings, indicated that Olivia has a delightful flair for comedy.*

**VICTORY Belongs to Her**

*BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND CERTIFICATES!*

LAXETTES, chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action and are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing Mothers. LAXETTES, the laxative that kiddies like, have no underlying taste of medicine and can be given at any time a laxative is required. The ideal time, however, to give LAXETTES, is just before the kiddies go to bed.

*Inserted by the Manufacturers of*

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Eat what you like and don't fear INDIGESTION

Hardy's gives quick permanent relief from painful indigestion and stomach trouble—no need to diet. Eat hearty meals and enjoy them, without painful after-effects. Rely on HARDY'S, the proven treatment for the sure relief of Indigestion.

HARDY'S
INDIGESTION and Ulcerated Stomach POWDER
SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE
PRICE 2/9 A JAR
*Also in the new wartime pack at the same price.*

PUBLIC ENEMY No 1
KILL him with
FLY-TOX

# Republic's Hit Parade of 1943

1 **COMPOSER JILL** (Susan Hayward) comes to New York and is feted by operators of publishing company, Mac (Walter Catlett) and Rick (John Carroll), but soon realises they are crooks and stealing her ideas.

2 **SOPHISTICATED** Belinda (Eve Arden) urges Jill to expose Rick, but she decides to wait.

3 **IN THE COURSE** of her association with Rick, Jill falls in love with him, incurring jealousy of songstress Toni.

4 **REALISING** that Rick is in love with Jill, Toni (Gail Patrick) uses her influence to have him discredited on radio.

5 **SEEING JILL** walk into Rick's office, Toni kisses him, and Jill, unhappy at deceit, believes him to be a double-crosser.

6 **TO CONVINCE** Jill of his devotion, Rick raises the money to sponsor her music played on a broadcast.

## CHANGE OF HEART

THREE of America's most popular dance bands—Freddy Martin's, Count Basie's, and Ray McKinley's—are spotlighted in "Change of Heart," Republic's most ambitious musical comedy.

These three bands play in the distinctive and individual style for which each has become famous.

Martin plays what is known as a "mean" saxophone, and is popular with millions throughout the country. He has received a lot of attention lately for his jazz adaptations of the classics, when he introduced Tchaikovsky and Grieg to the jitterbugs.

Where boogie-woogie and the blues are known, the name of Count Basie is famous. He is as well known to audiences at Carnegie Hall, where he appeared on the "Symphony to Swing" programmes, as he is to fans in theatres and night clubs all over America.

Ray McKinley organised his popular orchestra in the amazingly short period of three months, but behind those 90 days were his years of experience as one of the nation's top music-makers. He first achieved fame as a drummer.

In addition to the galaxy of music, specialties are contributed by Chinita, renowned Latin-American dancer; the popular dance team of Pops and Louie; and such favorite radio singers as The Golden Gate Quartet, the Three Cheers, and the Music Maids.

Keep White Shoes WHITE!

Off-colour shoes can ruin an otherwise perfect picture. Be sure of your smartness... use Shu-Milk. It removes the dirt, dries quickly and evenly, gives your shoes a soft snow-white smartness that gives you complete confidence in your appearance.

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CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

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KROMOBARK
THE SUPER SOLE LEATHER
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Three new SUN-GLO Knitting Books now ready

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Send Coupon below for free Folder showing all designs in Sun-glo's first three Knitting Books for 1944.

*Knit jumper illustrated in "Wilga" Blanket Wool (a Sun-glo product). For instructions, see Sun-glo Knitting Book, Series 55 (Design No. 2668).*

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney. Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd., all States.

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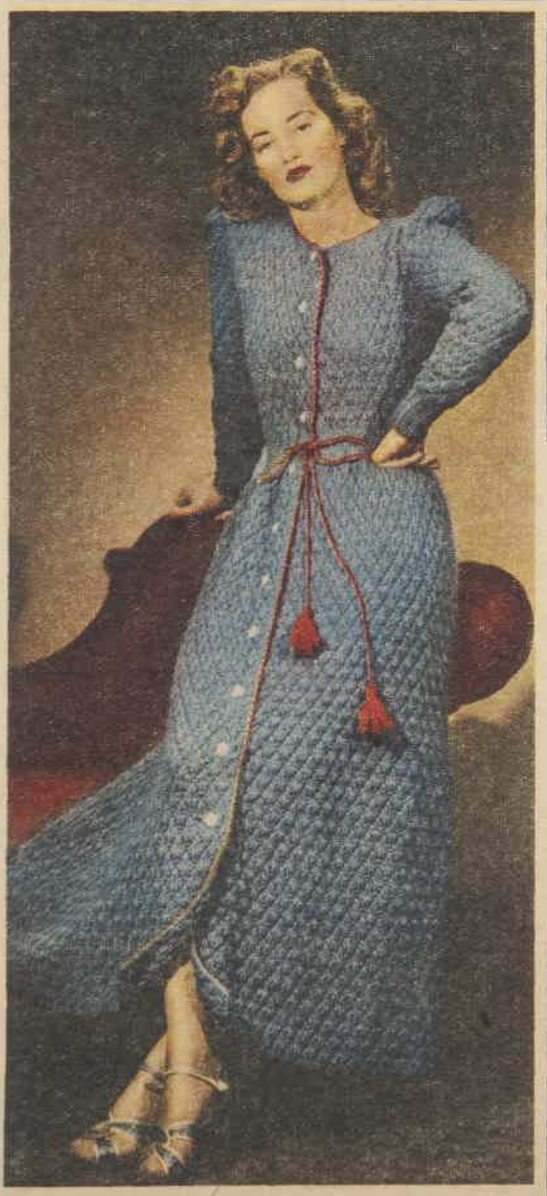
# NOW...Our grand Knitting Book is ready for you!



## New handknits for 1944

YOU'LL find directions for making these, and many more, in our beautifully illustrated 48-page knitting book for adults.

Fourteen of the knitteds are illustrated on this page. But there are thirty-three easy-to-knit designs in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book.

Styles for all sizes, comprising dresses, jumpers, pullovers, cardigans, jackets, evening blouses, boleros, bed socks, two-piece suit and dressing-gown, hats and gloves.

All designs have been selected with the greatest of care, and the book has been compiled for the easy convenience of the knitter. Specific yarn to be used is given, also suggested colors.

Get your book now!

Remember, The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for adults can be had from all our offices and from all newsagents for 1/-.

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# Butterflies in the Belfry

Continued from page 4

MY mind had been making these observations, rationally and, I had thought, impersonally, and I can only say that I was astounded to discover first that I had an overpowering impulse to kiss Miss Milliken, and second, that I was putting that impulse into action. She stood very still while I kissed her, and made no effort to push me away, as Barbara had done. It was I who moved, and we stood looking into each other's eyes, soberly and wonderingly. I said nothing, for the simple reason that speech would not come.

Miss Milliken said, "Well!" in a voice like a distant wind.

Still I could think of nothing to say, nor summon any voice to say it.

"I think," said Miss Milliken, in that same small faint voice, "that I'll go home." Before I could protest she had reached her hat, seized her handbag, and gone out.

I had thought myself confused before, but I had never known such confusion, such mental chaos, in my life as ensued. I walked home like a man in a daze. For the first time in my twenty-five years I was unable to sleep. This was appalling. Miss Milliken had stated her simple creed, "If it's right for you, you'd know." I certainly seemed to know something now, but it was the wrong thing. Miss Milliken loved Pete Reardon.

The longer I considered her, recalling hundreds of incidents from the months we had spent together in my office, the more of a deadlock the situation became. Eventually I drew some comfort and at last a fitful sleep, by thinking childishly of Pete Reardon and the things I should like to do to him.

It seemed, in the morning, like a continuation of the night, when Miss Milliken, looking distractingly lovely in a dress I had never seen before, said, "Good morning, Mr. Hampton. Pete Reardon would like to see you."

"Send for him at once," I told her, almost curtly.

When he appeared, I recalled with pain what I had said to Barbara about being jealous of him.

He said, "Hyah, Molly," and there was charm and complete self-confidence in his rich voice.

Miss Milliken's face was expressionless. She said, "Hello, Pete," scarcely moving her lips.

"Can I see you alone?" he asked me.

I nodded to Miss Milliken, and she went out.

Reardon sat down, looking like a poster of the American Worker in his blue overalls. He reached for a cigarette from the box on my desk.

"I want to ask a favor of you," he began, "but it's really a favor to both of us. You're satisfied with my work here, aren't you?"

"Completely," I said. I'd like to feed you slow poison, I thought to myself, but your work as foreman is satisfactory.

He smiled an ingratiating smile. "It's like this, see," he said. "I'm in One-A, of course, and it's likely that my number'll be coming up one of these days. It seems to me that I'm winning the war just as much here in the factory as I would be slapping down Japs. Agreed?"

For the second time within twenty-four hours the phenomenon of losing my powers of speech occurred to me. I was experiencing a thing I had hitherto only read in fiction. The phrase for it is: "His gorge rose."

I must have inclined my head, because he continued smoothly, "Okey-doke. I thought you'd see it like that. You're not running this factory for free, and I'm well paid for working in it. I'm not complaining at all. All I ask is for you to put in a word with the draft board, see?" He was smiling. "If you told them that I was indispensable here——"

My voice returned with a speed and volume which lifted both Reardon and myself to our feet like a strong wind. "You skunk!" it said.

His face turned suddenly crimson. His big hands became fists, and his arms swung like a gorilla's. "If you weren't a cripple——" he began.

I felt cold all over, deliciously cold. And because it had been in my heart all through the night to do just this, I swung hard. I landed a good right on his chin, and he reeled backward across the room.

Miss Milliken opened the door.

"Get out of here, Mary Milliken!" Reardon yelled.

"Pete!" she cried, her eyes enormous.

If he had not done what he did then, the outcome of our contretemps might have been different. I am not sure. After all, I do have an artificial leg. What he did was to slap Miss Milliken with the back of his big hand, so that she was flung out of his way and fell against the water-cooler. It was all that I needed. A superhuman rage and accompanying physical strength filled me. I waited for Reardon to come up, and this time I caught him with a left hook. He went down like Goliath and lay still.

The door opened again, and one of the clerks looked in. He whistled.

"Get somebody to help you move this out of here," said Miss Milliken, indicating Reardon. "He's in Mr. Hampton's way." She filled a paper cup from the cooler and carelessly emptied its contents over Reardon's face.

For a third time, I was speechless. If this was love, on Miss Milliken's part, I had lost thousands of feet of altitude in any comprehension of the emotion. She came up to me and took my hands.

"LOOK at your knuckles!" she exclaimed. "Tchk-tchk!" She sounded like a mother hen. She stepped over Reardon's body, and, wetting her handkerchief at the cooler, began sponging my hands.

Two men appeared and pulled Reardon to his feet, half-dragged, half-carried him from the office.

"Molly!" I said. "Molly Milliken!" It was like music.

Barbara Brinkerhof came through the door like a whirlwind. "How dare you, Alfred Hampton?" she cried. She was wearing blue coveralls and there was grease on her cheek. "Just because you're the boss here! Taking advantage of your——"

"He took advantage of nothing!" Molly cut her short. "It was a fair fight, and the best man won." Her eyes were like green flames, and her voice was low, but edged and quivering, like a fine steel blade. "If you're still interested in that handsome species of polecat, get along with you. And if you're not interested, get out."

Barbara choked. "Why you—you——"

I began to laugh. "Run along, Barbara, there's a good girl," I said. "Molly, do you know that you've acquired a brogue a yard wide in the last five minutes?"

Molly Milliken looked up at me. "I always do when there's a fight," she told me, smiling. She put her hand on my face. "Did you know that they called you The Butterfly when you first came here?" she asked me, her voice lilting like a harp. "Butterfly, is it?"

I was holding her close. "If it's right for you, you know," I quoted. "How long have you known, Molly?"

Her dimples came out. "I wouldn't dream of telling you!" she retorted happily.

(Copyright)

# Silk for Lennie

Continued from page 5

AS soon as they had crossed the narrow wind-swept barren they had to walk through snow. The cat led on. After a staggering mile they came upon a sudden hollow in the woods, and saw a house and the thin blue wisp of a morning fire.

They came down the slope, shouting, dragging Brundley between them, his feet moving like a drunken man's, his head forward and lolling from side to side; and a man and a woman ran out of the house and came toward them.

. . . . . .

There was warmth, delicious and stupefying, close against his skin and all about him. There was pain in his fingers and in his feet, and he opened his inflamed eyes and saw a doctor busy with bandages at the end of the bed.

"Hello," the doctor said, with a cheerful grin.

"My feet," MacKelland begged hoarsely. "Are they—are they——"

"All right? Well, I think they'll come around. What happened?"

"Never mind that," MacKelland said. "The others——"

"As well as you could expect. That fellow with the cut head's got a case of shock as well as exposure and frostbite. I'm going to shift him to a hospital to-morrow. As for the old boy, he's as mad as a hatter, most cheerful. Keeps nursing and talking to a big black cat. Calls it Nig and says it saved ten lives—you three, and seven of its own."

"That's right," MacKelland muttered.

"Oh? But the other chap says it was you that saved their lives. Says you risked your life to go back and drag him and that balmy steward out and into a boat, and you got 'em safe to shore."

"No," the third mate said. "I went back for ——" His blue eyes opened very wide. "Doctor, my jacket pocket—the one Brundley had on—the right-hand pocket . . . a package. Do see if it's all right!"

The doctor went out and returned with the jacket, fumbling in the pocket. "Here it is! Paper's wet and torn, but there's an inside wrapper, and—hello! Stockings! Silk stockings!"

"For Lennie—for my girl," MacKelland said, staring at the ceiling.

A silence.

"So, you see, I'm not a hero, after all."

The doctor looked at him curiously. "Because you went back for these? I see. So you're not a hero. Of course you're not! You're a fool! But ——" The doctor paused. "But you're the kind of fool that makes this world go round."

MacKelland shook his head a little and closed his eyes. This doctor seemed a decent chap and no doubt was very wise in his profession. But he was the fool himself. He didn't know that it was the Lennies who made the world go round.

(Copyright)


## Longer Life for your TOWELS

Mend your BATH TOWELS at the thin places before holes come and before washing. When patches are needed use old material — a new patch on a worn towel is apt to tear away. Wash regularly so as to avoid extra boiling and rubbing.

BEACH ROBES MAKE GOOD SIZE BATH TOWELS

A WORN SMALL TOWEL DOUBLED OVER AND STITCHED MAKES A HAND OR KITCHEN TOWEL

Worn bath towels cut down make good face towels. Make dusters and floor cloths from badly worn bits

A VERY WORN FACE TOWEL CAN BE QUILTED TOGETHER WITH DIAMOND STITCH

Hang glass cloths up to prevent wear and always wash them regularly. A drying rack for plates means less towel use. A badly worn roller towel can make at least one glass cloth.

Old pillow cases or odd bits of old sheets make good tea towels. Towels don't need ironing. Rough drying saves time and wear.

*Mend and make-do to save buying new*

Linen and cotton you save are needed for sterner tasks.

WAR ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY MEANS WAR OUTPUT INCREASED

Start a "Mend and Make-do" Book and paste this in it.

W1/27



## BECOME AN ARTIST — *QUICKLY!*

AMAZING short-cut method simplifies art—you learn at home or wherever you are, under the supervision of a famous artist.

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..... 22/1/44



AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

"ITS QUALITY NEVER VARIES"

**MADE FORTUNE READING TEETH**—In Paris during the middle of the 18th Century, a famous fortune-teller called "The Professor" amassed a huge fortune by reading a person's character from the shape and position of his teeth.

**INSTANT DEATH TO CUT UPPER TEETH FIRST**—Amongst the "Wajagga" tribe of the Mount Kilimanjaro district of East Africa, a child who cuts upper teeth before those of lower teeth is put to death instantly.

**FIRST TO TAKE ETHER**—In 1846 Eben Frost asked Dr. W. T. G. Morton to pull his teeth quickly and painlessly. Morton, discoverer of ether, explained the facts of ether and its dangers. Frost agreed, and lived to be the first to take ether.

**MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL SO CLEAN**—Your teeth won't decay so readily when kept free from food deposits. Kolynos removes food deposits, makes teeth whiter. And you can't beat Kolynos for economy. Half an inch on a dry brush . . . that's all you need. *KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM*


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*THIS OFFICE GIRL looks cool, smart, efficient, although the thermometer registers 93 degrees. And note her summer hair style. If you like it, do copy.*

# GROW SWEET PEAS

● Winter seems a long way off, but now is the time to sow sweet peas.

THEY may be sown in late January, February, or any time up to early June, but the earlier you sow them the sooner they will bloom—and live up to their name of winter-flowering sweet peas.

Trench the ground deeply, two feet at least, and about the same width, and fill the trench with old manure, compost, and ashes from the garden fire. In sandy soil the addition of spent plants and other greenstuff at the bottom of the trench will prove advantageous.

Soak the seeds in hot water, and leave them for 24 hours to soften. Then rough-dry them to enable handling with ease, and sow about 1½ inches deep, and six inches apart, or a little more.

When the plants are 8 to 9 inches tall, pinch out the tops. They will then stool out well, and produce strong lateral growths that will bear good long stems and fine flowers.

Some gardeners soak their seed for 24 hours, then remove them and dip in kerosene. They are taken out of the kerosene once each seed has been well oiled, and are then sown immediately.

Kerosene is a precautionary measure against ground-inhabiting insects such as springtails, mole crickets, cutworms, slaters, and wireworms, which often eat the seeds before they germinate.

When choosing a position for sweet peas, select a wall or fence facing north that is protected from southerly and westerly winds. Large-mesh wire-netting is the best material for support.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

*EVERYBODY adores the delicate, soul-stirring fragrance of colorful sweet peas. They make lovely gifts, and are ideal for dining-table and room decoration. Do grow some for your pleasure and use this year.*

## Keep cool

● Look as fresh as a crisp lettuce-leaf on hot days. Here's the way!

*By MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert*

DURING hot, sultry weather you are advised to bathe twice daily in warm water.

Do not rely on one cold shower to keep you fresh and fragrant. Dust your body with good talc after the bath.

Change under-garments and stockings daily. All garments that directly contact skin should be laundered after every wearing.

Use a deodorant. Wash dress shields every few days.

Dresses and coats should not be hung away in the wardrobe until they have been thoroughly aired. Keep gloves, collars, and cuffs immaculately fresh.

Air shoes daily. Before putting on stockings dust feet with talc.

Keep your hair shining with health and cleanliness.

Hair catches dust, retains perspiration and oils secreted by scalp.

Don't put layer after layer of powder and lipstick on during the day. Cleanse face thoroughly before applying make-up.

Wear crisp, cool-looking dresses, and don't overload yourself with necklets and bangles. Look cool, be cool.

## Hands that stir the heart

Many a man's heart has skipped a beat at the touch of smooth, white hands. Make *your* hands as lovely as you've always wanted them — *and do it while you're asleep!* Pond's Hand Lotion is so silky-smooth — never the least bit greasy — that you can leave it on your hands all night. Before you go to bed, just sprinkle a few drops onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Soon your hands will become softer, whiter, irresistible. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.


## Dining, Dancing

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Test your knowledge. Here are a few questions answered by Alleyne Leslie.

**Q:** Sue is a smart young rookie. Dining out with her boy-friend on leave, who should come up to the table but his Colonel! Should she—

1. Exercise her feminine right of remaining seated while being introduced?
2. Stand, in accordance with military etiquette?

***A:*** *To get full marks, Sue, you must rise. If the Colonel's susceptible to feminine charm, he'll soon put you at your ease. Be ready for such moments with a complexion kept flawless and flower-fresh by Erasmic Cold Cream. Even a desert-scorched Colonel has a heart that can be melted by a sweet, satiny skin.*

**Q:** Who should lead the way to the recherché table in the corner—

1. The lady?
2. Her escort?
3. The waiter?

***A:*** *Waiter, if available; otherwise let the escort find it. And please don't spoil his "dream girl" by fumbling for a powder compact after the coffee! You won't need to if you've put on a glamorising foundation of Erasmic Vanishing Cream before your date. Holds powder even through a cheek-to-cheek waltz!*

**Q:** Jane's sister has a handsome new fiancé, but when dining out he seems to prefer petting Janie. What's more, she likes him, too! Remembering the wedding day hasn't yet been announced, should she—

1. Give him every encouragement?
2. Flirt, but draw the line at anything serious?
3. Go out of her way to put the matter on a brother and sister basis?

***A:*** *No. 3 will always pay, Jane dear. Hold him at a discreet arm's length and get to work on that sister fast! Lend her your Erasmic Creams. Show her how Erasmic gives that radiant complexion that holds a man through ANY crisis.*


ERASMIC VANISHING AND COLD CREAMS

In tubes and jars 1/2d.

E.30.24


## Keep cold germs to yourself

**Sniffles, colds, sore throats considered among minor ailments. Don't you believe it!**

By MEDICO

WAITING to speak to a medical colleague in the out-patients' department of a city hospital, I couldn't avoid hearing scraps of conversation from the waiting patients.

The interesting part was that the "heart" cases felt that they were really on the top rung of the medical ladder—socially speaking. They looked down their noses at the "stomachs." Anything below the waistline had no standing at all, and as for "brain" troubles, well, they should be in chains and double padlocked.

How cock-eyed this organ snobbery really is! Apart from the unnecessary humiliation which some have to suffer as a result, the easily passed-on things like sniffles, colds, and sore throats are thought to be "minor" troubles of quite good conversation value. Unfortunately, the germs of the colds and sore throats are passed on with the other details.

In the days of the Bible, leprosy was thought to be a foul disease, and sufferers were forced to ring a bell as they walked through the streets and call out, "Unclean, unclean." Leprosy is still with us, but there is no evidence to suggest that doctors and nurses in leper hospitals are specially liable to contract the disease. Several such doctors are close friends of mine.

And yet we think nothing of the "cold" sufferer who can wreck a munition factory or office staff by coming to work in the early stages of a cold (which might be measles) or a sore throat (which might be scarlet fever).

The bell and "unclean" order was a good idea, but it was applied to the wrong people. If leper colonies are the right thing, then let us have "cold" colonies, "sore throat" colonies, and "gastritis" colonies, and medical flying-squads who have authority to arrest on sight — one sneeze and you're in!

**I'm no alarmist, but you've read about the influenza epidemic in Europe, in Great Britain, in U.S.A. Our winter is ahead. So I strongly advise this: If you sniffle or have a sore throat now—or later—stay at home!**

NO NEED TO WEAR GLASSES... if you suffer from SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, ASTIGMATISM, FAILING SIGHT, SQUINT, TURNED EYES, STRAIN, TIRED EYES, EYE HEADACHES, or any other eye weakness (except Diseased Eyes), you owe it to yourself to investigate Ferguson Eyesight Training, which treats the cause and not the effect of these eye troubles.

Men, women and children of all ages from 5 to 75 have come to me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone [illegible] I have helped hundreds of people to per[illegible] for wearing glasses. These include lads [illegible] Soldiers, Women for the Services, Ex[illegible] women and children from all ranks [illegible] people whose careers and livings dep[illegible] No matter what your age, if this mat[illegible] write (enclosing 3½d. stamp for posta[illegible] "Better Natural Sight Without We[illegible] Ferguson Eyesight Training, 6th Floor [illegible] Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 'Phone: MA5455


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*Expert gives pointers on*

# MEAL PLANNING

● This page should be cut out, pasted on cardboard, and hung in the kitchen, so that every member of the family can read and follow the advice given on good eating for good health.

*Food Chart, Menus, and Recipes planned by*

**OLWEN FRANCIS**

*Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly*

PLANNING daily menus is no longer the carefree affair of snatching an idea from the blue and saying "I'll have that and that and that."

To-day, the kitchen has a war job to do . . . to keep the family fighting fit . . . to conserve foods so that there are more supplies for the Fighting Services and our Allies, who can produce only part of their needs.

A proud job. Try it this way:

**Hang a menu chart in the kitchen for jotting down ideas, or keep a menu book.**

**Choose the MAIN DISH first and group the necessary etceteras round it.**

**Use the Food Group chart when marketing, choosing alternatives when the food in mind first is too expensive or not available.**

**Check quantities carefully and so cut down on cooked left-overs. Freshly cooked foods are more appetising and more nutritious.**

**Choose your recipes carefully. If you haven't already a recipe file, start one. Use only recipes from guaranteed sources, and unless you are very experienced, don't experiment.**

**Be a good vegetable cook and use little water, a lidded pan, and just sufficient cooking to make the vegetables tenderly crisp.**

**Be a good meat cook . . . slow cooking for roasts; long, gentle, moist cooking, especially for all the cheaper, tougher cuts; variety with minced meat dishes. Remember, the cheaper cuts are as nutritious as the more expensive ones.**

**Save food by storing correctly. Use your refrigerator, ice-chest, or cool safe to its fullest advantage. Use left-overs quickly, serving cooked vegetables in salads rather than cooking twice.**

**An increased use of bread and cereals is inevitable. These are valuable foods. Use whole cereals where possible.**

**Make use of every scrap of food that is edible . . . bones and meat trimmings for stock . . . fat trimmings and drippings . . . green vegetable tops . . . fruit peelings for drinks or jellies.**

## MAIN MEAL MENUS

*1.*

*Cream of Parsley Soup.*
*Galantine of Sausage with Lettuce and Potato Salad.*
*Plum Cobbler.*

*2.*

*Casserole of Liver and Onions.*
*Jacket Potatoes. Shredded Cabbage.*
*Apricot Crumb Betty.*

*3.*

*Clear Beef Broth.*
*Savory Mince Roll.*
*Creamed Celery. Beans.*
*Crumb Custard with Jam Sauce.*

*4.*

*Chump Chops with Onion and Tomato Sauce.*
*Diced Turnips. Creamed Potatoes.*
*Spiced Griddle Cakes with Golden Syrup.*

*FOOD FOR FITNESS AND BEAUTY. This lovely lass, Dolores Moran, of Warner Bros., arranges to have one regular main meal each day that includes all the necessary food elements. She eats her way to beauty!*

### TOMATO AND ONION SAUCE

**One onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon dripping, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon water, salt.**

Slice onion thinly and saute in dripping until just tender. Add skinned chopped tomato, water, and sauce. Season. Cook until soft. Serve piping hot on chops.

### INDIVIDUAL CRUMB CUSTARDS

**Four tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 egg.**

Combine ingredients and pour into four greased cup moulds. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) or steam until lightly set. Serve at once with hot jam sauce.

### SAVORY MINCE ROLL

**One cup minced cooked meat, 1 cup creamed potato, 1 tablespoon parsley, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chutney, 4oz. short pastry.**

Roll pastry to oblong. Combine other ingredients, mould into roll on pastry. Fold pastry round meat. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes.

## *Every day serve some food from each of the groups below*

WHEN shopping, consult this list, buy from each group, choosing one of the alternatives when you can't get what you have planned.

**GROUP 1. Green and Yellow Vegetables. Raw or cooked.**

Beans (green or wax variety), Brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrots, lettuce, sweet potatoes, pumpkin, parsley, green peas, spinach, squash, yellow turnips, and any other dark leafy greens.

**GROUP 2. Citrus Fruit, Tomatoes, or Raw Salad Greens.**

Oranges, lemons, grapefruit, tangerines, tomato juice, raw cabbage, lettuce, cress, and other raw greens.

**GROUP 3. Potatoes and Other Vegetables and Fruits.**

Beets, cauliflower, celery, corn, leeks, onions, parsnips, white turnips, apples, apricots, bananas, blackberries, cherries, dates, figs, grapes, peaches, pears, pineapples, plums, raisins, strawberries.

**GROUP 4. Milk and Milk Products.**

Milk, whole, dried or condensed, cheese, cream, ice-cream, buttermilk, skim milk.

**GROUP 5. Meat or Other Protein Food.**

All cuts of fresh meat, sausages, tinned or processed meats, rabbit, poultry, game, fish, eggs, dried peas or beans, nuts.

**GROUP 6. Butter or Margarine.**

**GROUP 7. Breads or Cereals.**

All types of bread, rolls, biscuits, scones, cereals, flour preparations.

NOTE.—Groups 1, 2, 3, 4: In each of these groups are elements necessary to maintain healthy growth, regulate the bodily functions, and to protect the body from disease.

**Groups 4 and 5** are protein foods, and necessary for building and repairing bodily tissues.

**Groups 6 and 7** supply energy and body warmth. Group 6 (butter) also is a source of essential Vitamin A necessary for healthy growth and resistance to diseases of the eye.

## EAT WELL — KEEP WELL

**EAT meals at regular hours every day.**

**Do not nibble between meals. Avoid over-eating rich foods.**

**Keep appetite normal by getting plenty of sleep, fresh air, and exercise.**

**Take sufficient time for your meals.**

**Drink a glass of water before breakfast and about five extra glasses during the day.**

**Eat each day some food from each of the main food groups (see below).**

**Do not destroy vitamins and lose minerals by:**

**Cooking vegetables or fruits too long.**
**Allowing prepared food to stand before cooking.**
**Cooking in large quantities of water.**
**Adding soda.**
**Cooking vegetables in an uncovered pan.**

### GALANTINE OF SAUSAGE

**One pound topside steak, 2 kidneys, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 2 leaves mint, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 eggs.**

Mince the steak and kidneys. Add the chopped onion, breadcrumbs, mint, parsley, sauce, pepper and salt, and beaten eggs. Roll in a floured cloth. Plunge into boiling water, and simmer for two hours.

Leave for few minutes before turning out of cloth, and roll in browned breadcrumbs. Salads for four on one or more occasions.

### CREAM OF PARSLEY SOUP

**One pint meat or vegetable stock, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 1½ tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, pepper and salt, toasted bread sippets.**

Melt the fat, stir in the flour, and then the stock. Simmer for three minutes, stirring. Cool slightly. Add milk, parsley, and cheese. Season to taste, and serve piping hot, but do not boil after the milk has been added. Serve with toast sippets. For four.

### CASSEROLE OF LIVER AND ONIONS

**One lamb's fry, 2-3rds cup breadcrumbs, 2 onions, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1½ cups stock or water, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon dripping.**

Wash liver, slice, brown lightly in fat. Mix liver, sliced onions, and all other ingredients, and place in greased casserole. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 minutes. Serve hot surrounded by potato halves, baked in their shells. For four to six.

### PLUM COBBLER

**One cup stewed plums, 4ozs. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon butter, about ½ cup milk.**

Place plums in bottom of an 8-inch sandwich tin, well greased. Sift flour and spice, rub in butter, mix to a soft dough, knead lightly to shape of sandwich, cut in six wedges and place on top of plums. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes. Turn out with plums on top, and serve freshly made. For four to six.

### APRICOT CRUMB BETTY

**Two cups lightly stewed apricots, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, few broken apricot kernels, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon butter.**

Place apricots and crumbs in layers in a greased piedish. Make the top layer a thin one of mixed crumbs, spice, and crushed apricot kernels. Dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold. For four.

### SPICED GRIDDLE CAKES

**Half-cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or dripping, milk to mix.**

Mix flour and crumbs and spice. Add sugar, melted fat, and mix to a thick batter. Drop spoonfuls on a greased hot pan, turning to brown. Serve freshly made, with golden syrup.

PERSPIRATION LEFT IN UNDIES OVERNIGHT SOON WEARS THEM OUT. NIGHTLY LUX-ING REMOVES IT... KEEPS A GIRL FRESH AND DAINTY TOO.

PEG BECAME A LUX DAILY DIPPER THEN...

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# Prize recipe of the week . . .

## DELICIOUS SWEET

FILL-IN dishes with satisfying starchy content must supplement the scarcer essential fruit, meat, and vegetables.

What hearty sweet or savory dishes have you served with triumph lately? Send the details to our weekly recipe competition. Let others share it.

The sausage-meat used in the rolled mutton surprise can be replaced by a well-packed bread-seasoning. Try serving it along with the pastry roll of spiced peaches.

*SALAD PASTIES are easy-way lunch-box fillers. Use a good short-crust, and fill with diced vegetables well seasoned with pepper, salt, onion, and parsley.*

*BISCUIT CRUMBS and fruits are folded into this fine home-made ice-cream. For smooth texture some fatty ingredient, such as egg-yolk or butter, is needed in place of the out-for-duration cream.*

### CINNAMON PEACH ROLLS

Make a pastry of the following: One cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1½ tablespoons good dripping, squeeze lemon juice, 1 egg in 1 cup milk.

Roll out to ¼in. in thickness, and spread with sliced cooked peaches, sugar, and cinnamon. Roll up tightly and quickly, cut into 1½-inch pieces, and place (cut sides showing) in a fireproof dish. Take the peach syrup and make up to a pint with water, add 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 dessertspoon cinnamon. Bring to boil, and pour round the rolls. Place a dot of butter (or substitute) on each roll with a sprinkle of sugar, and bake at 400 deg. till golden brown. Reduce heat to 350 deg., cover dish with brown paper, and cook until thoroughly baked. Serve with mock cream. This dish is equally delicious eaten cold, and has been well tested.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.**

### ARTICHOKES

**Fried:** Wash and scrape artichokes, put in a saucepan of cold water, add a little salt, and boil for a quarter of an hour until tender, drain, and leave to cool. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat till a pale brown. Pile on a hot dish, and serve quickly.

**Scalloped:** One cup parsley sauce, 1 cup seasoning, pinch of nutmeg, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, and 4 slices of toast.

Make parsley sauce in usual way, cook artichokes till tender, then cut into dice; mix seasoning and artichokes into the sauce, and add nutmeg. Place on slices of toast and sprinkle with cheese, and garnish with parsley. Serve hot.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. T. Mitchell, 32 Urabatta St., Inverell, N.S.W.**

### SEEDLESS GRAPE JAM

Pick over, wash, drain, and remove stems from grapes. Separate pulp from skins. Put pulp into preserving pan. Bring to boiling point, and boil slowly until seeds separate from pulp. Rub through sieve to remove seeds. Add pulp to skins, and measure into pan, cup by cup.

Bring to boil, and for each cup of pulp allow 1 cup sugar. Stir well until sugar dissolves, and boil until it jells when tested.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. D. Dircks, 99 Homebush Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.**

### ROLLED MUTTON SURPRISE

**One large boned flap mutton, sausage meat, salt and pepper.**

Spread sausage meat thickly over the inner side of flap of mutton and season with salt and pepper. Roll flap up (as you would a roly-poly), wrap it tightly in a cloth, and tie each end. Put into boiling water and boil hard for a few minutes, then very gently for about 3 hours.

When cold, remove cloth. The meat is then in a solid roll, and is very nice eaten cold with salad. This is a pleasant change from baked and stewed mutton.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Winkley, 28 King St., Enfield, N.S.W.**

### SWEET CORN SOUFFLE

Make a white sauce: 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup milk, seasoning to taste. Add 2 cups sweet corn, stripped from cooked cob, to this mixture, cool slightly, then fold in 2 well-beaten eggs. Turn into a well-greased piedish and bake in a moderate oven ½ an hour. Other vegetables, such as green peas, chopped carrots or cauliflower, spinach, etc., may be used with equal success.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to F. Ulrick, Wide St., Kempsey, N.S.W.**

### ICE-CREAM

**One pint fresh milk, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, ½ cup condensed milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon hot water.**

Warm fresh milk, add the powdered milk, and, with a rotary beater, mix well together. Add the condensed milk and beat again. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot water, add gradually to the milk mixture, and beat 10 minutes. Place in the freezing trays of refrigerator and leave from 1 to 1½ hours, or until the mixture is just commencing to set. Empty into a basin and beat again. The success of this ice-cream depends on the way it is beaten. It is improved if it is allowed to become partly set and then beaten a third time before being frozen. Flavor with vanilla before the last beating.

## Simple causes of food upsets

By SISTER MARY JACOB

THIS is the season of the year when humidity is high, and unless care is taken with foodstuffs adults and children are likely to have digestive upsets.

Vomiting in little babies now or at any time should not be disregarded. It can be avoided by a little care and forethought.

A leaflet explaining some of the simple causes of food upsets in babies has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

**N.B.—The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open at the Sydney offices of The Australian Women's Weekly for interviews and demonstrations on Tuesday and Friday of each week, from 10.30 a.m. till 12.30 p.m., and from 2 p.m. till 4.30 pm.**

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# TOMORROW'S MEN . . .

**PHOSPHATE FACTS . . .**

"Young people whose bones are growing require three essential substances in their food for sturdy physique; these are lime, phosphate and vitamin D. Now lime is fairly universal and in Australia vitamin D is abundant thanks to the sunshine, but phosphate is the weak link in the chain for phosphates are low in Australian soil and in Australian grasses and herbage." Extract from an article by Professor W. A. OSBORNE M.B., D.S.C., F.A.C.S.

# and Women too.

. . . . will be better fitted to face the future! Because parents today realise their childrens' sturdy growth and intelligence comes from the food they eat. . . . .

Healthful, nutritive foods are the paving stones for a better world of tomorrow. . . Milk . . . meat . . . fruit and vegetables . . . these are all vital nutritional needs . . *but children must have phosphates too!* Available throughout Australia are finer brands of Self-raising Flour enriched with "A&W" Food Phosphates. "A&W" Food Phosphates are manufactured in Australia . . . . they give your Self-raising Flour and Baking Powder the best rising qualities for your baking.

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